Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

It would be interesting to know with whom the individual members of the Conservative Cabinet at Ottawa associate. They could not recently have been moving about the streets where the average citizen expressed faith in the courage of the administration; they could not have frequented those public places where newspapers may be had, for the entire press save two or three snivelling sheets among whom even the *Empire* was ashamed to be seen, could not contemplate an abandonment of the Canadian position in response to a threat from Washington. But that they came under some emasculating influence in their scattered resorts, and assembled for conference as spineless a group of frightened braggarts as ever misrepresented the sentiment of a country is painfully true.

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Of that Cabinet we were justified in expecting better things. From the old men we might expect wisdom, from the young man, spirit, and in such a case as this wisdom and spirit speak with one voice. The gray-haired ministers might well be supposed to see, through eyes made shrewd with age, that Harrison's worst attack on us would breed a sure uprising along the American lake fronts, and that thereafter the President would forever renounce a weapon that disembowels the one who wields it. The young men in the ministry might well be expected to respond to the strong currents of youthful strength, and take a stand against yielding to an unjust threat, ready to suffer a trifle if need be to assert an independence that is being studiously assailed within and without. Where was the far-reaching wisdom of Sir John Abbott, that man who successfully disguised himself in mediocrity until he was three score and ten, but whom in the last few months we have been taught to regard as one of the greatest statesmen on earth? Where was the buoyant youth of old man Bowell, and where was Haggart, the man whose murky atmosphere we are required to breathe because of his vigorous abilities? And young Tupper—the young man's representative in office, and Ouimet, the colonel of grim and unrelenting visage, and Chapleau, the same who made the Rhode Island speech, which lovers of patriotic eloquence have pasted in scrap-books—have not these, and especially the latter, belied in deed the hardihood of their spoken words? And Sir John Thompson, too, though his soul occupies a clay too cold to permit it to reach an heroic level, has he not posed as a Tory Mackenzie who knew right from wrong and would stand with adamantine firmness for what he interpreted as right? He might err in judgment, they say, but not in intention, and so firm that nothing but blasting powder could move him from his position, and then only in fragments and by degrees. Were we prepared to see him run away when Harrison bade him get out of the path? The party once had a Sir John who could save the country from being humiliated, and had he lived forever this pitiful and exasperating moment of our history would never have arrived. He would have seen what only the blind have failed to see, that Harrison would make capital by jumping at us in election time, and he would either have abolished the rebate six months ago or he would have braced himself and the country to maintain a position that had been chosen deliberately. But as the *Telegram* says this ministry, these pigmy successors to a man, "had the stupidity to run at the United States and the cowardice to run away again." Our Government has made itself mean and ridiculous by a piece of behind-the-back bravado, of sneaking tip-toed valiance which took to its heels on the first sign of detection.

The same paper in burning words gives the logical meaning of abolishing the rebate in answer to Harrison's threat. "Every Canadian," it says, "through the damnable stupidity of his own Government, is to be exhibited to the United States as a burglar who simply lacked the courage to get away with the property he coveted. The laws of respectable conversation render the language inadequate to the fair expression of an honest Canadian's feelings." While I am about it I may as well quote a sentence from the *News:* "First in a series of national humiliations until Canada, for very shame's sake, will cast off a nationality that is but a hollow mockery. And surprising beyond comprehension it is that alleged Canadian journals cannot see the inevitable result of an irresolute and cowardly policy at this juncture."

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What I am unable to decide is to which party young Canadians who look forward to seeing the Dominion develop into an independent and wealthy republic can afford to attach themselves. There is little choice between two parties, one of which no longer makes any pretence at having faith in the country apart from its neighbor; and the other, which with great gusto denies all dependence, yet in its administration of affairs recognizes a double dependence—on London as well as Washington. The man who refuses to fight for his city is, because no trust is reposed in him, less of a danger to it than the blatant volunteer who deserts the vital breech at the first sign of an approaching bayonet. The unworthiness of the boaster is concealed disastrously long. I believe the administrative cowardice of Sir John Abbott at this period will do more to undermine the faith of Canadians in Canada than all the groanings of Sir Richard Cartwright, for while the latter claims that our position is one of dependence, the former denies it; yet, in the first corner he comes to admit it by an humble yielding. Thus we have the Premier showing by his deeds that he shares the worst fears of the ruinists. There are thousands in this country who by heredity and mental formation should be anything but Tories, yet they cast in their lot with that party during the past few years, attracted by the stout Canadianism of its manifestoes at and previous to the elections. If now these people find they were made the victims of a sham, they will recant the deceptive faith and in revulsion of feeling subscribe to the extremest views of those to whose ranks they revert. This will be the tendancy of the time and the trivial organization recently formed to promote the annexation sentiment will probably turn the moment to some little account. But it would be short-sighted to hastily conclude that a Canadian nationality is impossible because a thick-witted Ministry, after bluntly refusing to alter our canal tolls when asked to do so by a big neighbor, should a short time later meekly consent to do so under compulsion of a threat. The weakness is not in the country but in the Government which for the moment has lost all anchorage. In some effectual way we should show the rulers who have humiliated us as a people that they have suffered in our esteem and forfeited our confidence. Let this whole reproachful transaction stir into activity the too quiescent spirit of our young men to whom the country in some shape will descend, and who do not want to inflict injustice upon the national neighbor and who will not submit to injustice, either.

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By a small artifice of language the shame-stricken organs of the Government seek to disguise the proportions of the surrender which has been made. "The Government decided," they say, "to notify President Harrison that the rebate would not be abolished this season," and it is claimed that this saves us from the disgrace of retreating before a threat. The Government did not decide to send any such message. It decided to notify President Harrison that the rebate against which he ineffectually protested a few months ago and which is the ostensible cause of his threats of commercial war upon us, will be abolished as you ask at the end of the season, great sir! Very much depends upon the wording of a diplomatic missive and the Washington people may be relied upon to spread broadcast the true, submissive language of the notice. It will serve no good purpose for our rulers to endeavor to misrepresent its meek compliance as a defiance, for it is a thorough evacuation of our premises in the matter, and shows that the Canadian Government is trembling with fear of retaliation, although perhaps not reduced to such an extremity of terror as to yield everything up unconditionally and on the instant. Threatened by the leader of the brigands it will purchase peace at the price demanded, but with a lingering regard for the decencies, it asks that he withdraw his cut throats from the scene and return disguised as a peasant with pack-mules and panniers on the morrow. It yields to coercion, it will pay the tribute, but asks that the public humiliation be made as small as possible. The statement that the Americans will be invited to meet Canadian commissioners in a conference on the whole question of canals some time after the close of this season and before the opening of the next, is not particularly reassuring. There can only be reciprocity where both sides are able to make concessions, and if the Republic is allowed to acquire the idea that it can frighten out of us such favors as it may desire, then it will not bother buying them. With that rebate still in force for vessels making the long haul the Americans would be more likely to consent to a conference than they will now be, for it will be thought probable that Canadian vesselmen will by pressure succeed in having the toll reduced to less than half, which reduction would of course apply to American shipping.

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In conversation with a gentleman from Rochester, a Canadian who remains such through a business residence across the lake, he informed me that on the streets over there the retaliation threat was properly estimated as a move in the great game of political chess between Harrison and Cleveland. Known to be a Canadian he was frequently accosted with regard to the matter and confidently told everybody that such a palpable bluff would have no effect on the Dominion Government, which would remain steadfast to a canal policy that is safely within the provisions of international treaties. He said the papers were having a great deal of fun out of the supposed consternation into which the threat of retaliation had thrown little Canada, and that he lost no chance of prophesying a surprise for these newspapers before the matter was done with. But he was in town when unwelcome corroboration arrived of the decision of the Cabinet at its Montreal session, and in his mortification he said he was ashamed to return to Rochester to hear Canada jeered at as one who has fallen victim to an April Fool-day trick. But he can console himself with the assurance that the Government has misrepresented the sentiment of the country in this matter.

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An interesting book could be written on the subject of public holidays and the way they are spent by all kinds of people. If there is anything that is a truer mimicry of a man's life than the way he spends a holiday I cannot think what it is at present. In the morning he awakes with eagerness and goes through the first numbers of the days programme with the most pleasant anticipations of the more delightful things to come. The morning proves a little tame, but he will put in a big day if it does not rain, and of course it will not rain! At noon it is very warm, but there will be great doings about three o'clock, and after three o'clock his attention is engrossed and he finds it is five almost before he knows it. Then he looks forward to the evening, the cool hours, but when they come he complains that it is too close indoors and nothing is

FAIR GERALDINE.

transpiring outside, and at a late hour, tired and sleepy and with some misgivings about the morrow, he lays himself down to rest. The day was much less eventful than had been expected. One took a headache which incapacitated him for pleasure, another missed his train or he would have had a splendid time, while another, if he had it to do over again, would have gone somewhere else.

* *

On Civic holiday many private picnics occurred. In the early forenoon loads of folks ranging in age from six months to sixty years piled into vans carrying with them baskets and bottles, hats and fishing poles, sewing for grandma and books for grandpa to amuse themselves with under the trees and upon the green grass—as though the sward did not belong to ants and spiders and grasshoppers, which would get into grandma's slippers and down grandpa's neck! Away they went, laughing and singing, everybody wanting to drive the team, but the father somewhat imperiously assuming the reins, for was not he accustomed to horses, having worked on a farm when a boy? Everything was lovely as they bowled along towards one of the parks or towards the banks of the Humber, and those riding could plainly see envy in the faces of all whom they passed. I was not at one of these family picnics, but saw several of them coming home in the dusk of evening. Grandpa, who in the morning had been sitting at the back of the waggon among the children, was now beside grandma, with his arm around her to break the force of the bumps and jolts (for the pavement had caved in and bellied out and gone to pieces during the day with an incredible alacrity of ruin). The father was vexed and was not speaking to anyone, for although he had denied himself the pleasure of going to the races and had paid the expenses of this picnic and did all that mortal man could do to make it a pleasant affair, yet his wife had barged at him and given him a setting-out just because he had gone along the shore to where some friends had a tent and remained there until the oldest boy came after him to hitch up—just as though he knew they wanted to go home two hours sooner than the time agreed upon! He was quite put out and had had enough of this family picnic business. The wife, with an expression of indignation, weariness and regret was looking at her husband every moment and changing the baby from one tired arm to the other quite as tired, and tucking a shawl whenever she could over a couple of grumbling and restless sleepers in the bottom of the wagon. The two aunts and the woman from next door were all holding girls' hats or something breakable in their hands and looking for a glimpse of some fire-hall clock to see the time, and cautioning the eldest boy not to fall out while holding a small string of juiceless and useless fish down to see them bump against the rolling hind wheel. Everyone was tired, but the strength of each had lasted longer than his or her good nature. And there on the side of the vehicle as it passed me, in letters a foot long, a sarcasm in coarse yellow paint, were the words "Pleasure Van."

* *

The bicycle races on Saturday and Monday attracted very large crowds to Rosedale. In time, if properly managed, it may happen that bicycle races will in some measure supersede horse racing, against which so many people are unconquerably prejudiced. If those who frown down upon running and trotting races only step in and encourage wheeling contests, it is difficult to see why the change should not occur, for there is quite as much excitement at a bicycle race as there would be at a horse race where there was no betting. Unless my lights are poor, no man could have a troubled conscience for attending such a tournament as we have had here—there was no betting, no real or fancied abuse of dumb animals, the results did not depend upon chance, but upon the skill, strength and endurance of the healthy and handsome young men who entered the competition. To participants and spectators it was an elevating affair all through, producing laughter, cheers, and enough excitement to prevent a busy man's nature from growing rusty. Nothing fascinates a mixed multitude like a race—a game of any kind is half lost upon those who do not understand it, but it requires no understanding to see the intent of a race. It is the great relaxation for which men look; they will race on foot, on horseback, in boats, on steamers, on trains, on bicycles, in balloons, and when flying machines are invented there will be some fast winging, I can tell you, one man against another and both against the across country records of carrier pigeons and wild geese. People will race and delight in racing so long as there is any good, healthy manhood in them, and therefore now is the time for the better element of each community to seize upon bicycle racing in the dawn of its universal popularity and safeguard it with their respectability. Why should the churches, for instance, yield this clean sport up to the companionship of the saloons? So far the bicycle is as welcome at the parsonage as at the public house. Why, then, should the publican gradually derive more legitimate pleasure from it than the preacher? More good things will grow in the narrow path than we plant in it. Foot races are run at Sunday school picnics, and if it is permissable to award a cloth edition of Pilgrim's Progress, worth a dollar and a half to the winner who ran a hundred yards in fourteen seconds, I never could make out why it would be improper to have the hundred yards run in ten seconds and to give the winner a morrocco bound and illustrated edition of Pilgrim's Progress worth fifteen dollars. It seems to me the difference is not one of morals, but one of speed and value, performance and reward. There is no reason why a man who runs a hundred yards in ten seconds could not be as good a christian as though it took him fourteen. And why should not a member of a Bible class who could "do it" in ten, receive as good a prize as the bar-tender who made the same speed at a picnic of the Licensed Victuallers' Association? Many disreputable things have cropped up in connection with foot racing but that was because good people neglected the sport and allowed it to fall under evil control; because it became the custom for the wicked only to be generous and free handed towards sports, however innocent and health-giving they might be. Bicycle racing should be patronized by even the most severe people so that it will not require to enter an injurious partnership with gambling. It is a sport that will remain respectable unless respectable people starve it, when, in hunger, it may repair to low haunts. Humans have done that!

* *

Three accidents happening on the street cars in three days is quite a bad record. If these casualties had occurred a short time after the trolley had been in operation instead of a short time before, there would have been a half-glad cry of "I told-you so" from those newspaper men who are awaiting with a semi-malicious, quasi-murderous expectancy for electricity to kill somebody. They desire to see their prophecies fulfilled. This is a harsh thing to say, but a true. The accidents of the past week, however, show plainly enough for any impartial man that even the most innocent system is deadly when people are careless, and the truth is that neither electric nor horse cars will run out of their way either to kill or to avoid killing people. Riding up on a car the other evening, with a paper in my hand reading how Mr. Bligh was killed when getting on the wrong side of a car, I saw a gentleman and two ladies do a little bit of silliness which is done every day. They were sitting on the outside and safe side of the car, but they lived on the left side of the street. When the car stopped nothing would do but they must walk over all our toes and tumble into our laps and poke us with their parasols and stop to apologize, so that they could get off on the side of the car next their house. Just as they were about to jump off, a car coming in the opposite direction was noticed by several passengers, who clutched the ladies and held them back, and there they stood and our car stood until the other passed by, when they alighted quite satisfied that they had done the proper thing, but with a notion perhaps that street cars are very dangerous. There is not one in fifty possessing enough penetration to see that when seated on the opposite side of the car nothing is gained by crossing and landing on the side next home. I have seen hundreds do it, and have done it myself, to the great inconvenience of passengers who appeared not to notice what a senseless little habit it was. You walk across the car disturbing everybody and running the risk of being killed by a car going the opposite way, when you might as well disturb no one, step off and walk across the track instead with perfect safety.

MACK.

Social and Personal.

The alterations and refittings of Government House are approaching completion and soon the rather passe mansion will shine forth in renewed youth and beauty. A brilliant winter is looked forward to by society people and every anticipation will doubtless be realized under the genial and charming rule of the Lieutenant-Governor and his popular and amiable lady.

*

Mr. and Mrs. G. Freer Thonger and Miss Service of No. 2 Prospect street, Toronto, also Miss Templeton of London, have been visiting Mr. Chas. Thonger at Lakeside Farm, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

*

Ald. John Hallam of Toronto will be detained in Winnipeg longer than he expected, not being able to leave for the east until the end of August; but in the meantime he will make a flying visit to the Pacific Coast, staying over at Calgary *en route*.

*

Miss Anna McKenna of College street is visiting the Misses Ryan of Carolina street, Buffalo, N. Y.

*

Miss S. Allen, Miss L. Dunning and Miss A. Downes have returned to the city after having spent a most enjoyable fortnight as the guests of Mrs. Blanchard at Falkenburg, Muskoka.

*

Miss Ethel Knowles of Norway Place, Church street, has returned from Collingwood, where she has been spending a very pleasant seven weeks' holiday with her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. Carrique.

*

Miss Lilly Healey of Huron street, Toronto, is the guest of Miss Ruby Flynn of Maple Beech, Colborne.

*

A most enjoyable concert was held in Port Carling last Thursday evening, in which the following ladies and gentlemen took part: Mrs Fenwick (Maggie Barr), Miss Edgar, Miss Archibald, Miss Foote, Miss Millichamp, Miss Westman, Mr. Jas. Barber, Mr. Murison, Mr. Toye. The concert was in aid of the Presbyterian Mission, and was in every way a great success. At the close of the entertainment, Mr. Fraser of the Stratton House, invited the performers and their friends to partake of refreshments at his popular hotel.

*

Miss Edith Moysey, Woodstock, Ont., who has been staying with her sister, Mrs. Plaskett, Bohemia Island, Lake Rosseau, was fortunate enough to land a very fine pickerel weighing six pounds.

*

Miss F. Norma Sheldon of Detroit is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Downes of Wellington street.

*

Mrs. James Sinclair and her son, De Vere, 76 Wellesley street, have returned from Vancouver, B. C. and Pacific Coast after a pleasant trip of nearly three months.

*

Mrs. Albert Stovel, accompanied by her brother-in-law, Mr. A. B. Stovel of Winnipeg, has returned from a lengthened visit in the North-West.

*

At the I.A.A.A. dance, at Centre Island, on Wednesday, I noticed Mrs. Birchall, Miss May Francis, Miss Lubatt of London, Miss Boultbee, the Misses Montizambert, the Misses Cassels, Miss Blossom Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gordon, the Misses Milligan, Miss Shiels McDougall, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Beatty, Mr. Henry Moffatt, Mrs. Godfrey, Miss Arthurs, Mr. and Mrs. Beardmore, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Brouse, Mr. and Miss Patriarche, Mr. Muntz, Mr. Pemberton, Mr. McLean, Mr. Ritchie and Mr. S. Small.

*

Miss Eloise A. Skimings of Goderich, composer of the National March, &c., accompanied by Mrs. McGillivray of Kingston, wife of Engineer McGillivray of the Government Tug DeLisle, called upon the officers of the Government Dredge No. 9 and Tug DeLisle on Friday, 12th August, and presented each officer with a copy of the National March, which was so graciously received by H.R.H. Princess Louise when in Canada on Her Majesty's birthday. Also a terra cotta vase, with No. 9 surrounded by the emblems of Great Britain, Ireland, France and Canada, surmounted by an anchor, all in pen etchings, by Miss Skimings. The base held a handsome bouquet of hot house flowers, in the centre of which the Sunflower held sway. Capt. Smith and Engineer McGillivray, in the absence of the other officers, thanked Miss Skimings cordially for her thoughtful remembrance of all on board the Government Dredge No. 9 and Tug DeLisle.

*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ritchie left on Tuesday for a trip up the Lakes.

*

The Misses Arthurs are at Bar Harbour for the holidays.

*

Mrs. Weeks Church, 2 Wilton crescent, presides at the organ in the Metropolitan church during Mr. Torrington's summer vacation.

*

Professor and Mrs. Hirschfelder have returned from the seaside.

*

Mr. Jack Eddis of the Imperial Bank left for Winnipeg last Tuesday, to be present at the marriage of his sister. Mr. Eddis purposed making a bicycle tour from Winnipeg to Brandon before returning to Toronto.

*

The engagement of Mr. Jack Eddis and Miss Kertland is announced.

*

Mr. Charles A. Hirschfelder, who is a fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, has gone to Rochester to attend a meeting of the association. Mr. Hirschfelder will read a paper on the Ancient Earthworks in Ontario, and another on Evidences of Pre-Historic Traffic.

*

Miss Lottie Wood has returned from Old Orchard Beach.

*

The Misses Lulu and Kate Thompson are at Port Sandfield.

*

Amongst those summering at Banff Hot Springs, Canada's national park, are: Mrs. Ballantyne, wife of the Hon. the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, Miss Ballantyne and Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, the well known Canadian *litterateur*.

*

Mrs. G. J. Williams of Hamilton, Mr. Walter Sanson, and Mr. MacFahey are visiting Mr. John Strachan at Muskoka.

*

Miss Clark of Belleville is visiting Miss May Bull of Walmer Road.

*

A delightful breakwater party was given at East Island on Monday evening by Miss Muntz. Among those present were: Mrs. Birchall, Miss Frances and Mr. Coles, who sang very beautifully, and Mr. Neville recited most acceptably. Other guests were the Misses Chadwick, McDougall, Montizambert, Cassels, Mrs. De la Fosse, Miss Vivian and many others.

*

A bonfire party was given by Mrs. James Robertson on the beach at Center Island on Thursday evening.

*

The following have been rusticating at Rock Island, Lake Muskoka: Miss Walton and Miss Brooks of Clifford, Miss Teasdale of Walkerton, Miss Boydell, Miss Frances Boydell, Miss Ethel Boydell, Mrs. Robert P. Perry, Miss Perry, Miss Maude Perry, Miss Marjorie Perry, Masters Claude and Ernest Perry, Mr. Robert E. Perry, Mr. Robert P. Perry, Mr. C. W. Dixie, Master Fred Dixie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ewart Lount, Miss Lount, Miss Ruth Lount of Bracebridge; Mrs. Wm. Crawford, Miss Crawford and Miss Lee of Barrie.

*

The fifth annual sports of the Island Amateur Association will be held at Island Park, on Saturday, August 20, commencing at 2 p.m. sharp. As is well known the proceeds of these sports, after payment of expenses, have been invariably devoted to some charitable object, the Lakeside Home and the Fresh Air Fund being the principal recipients. This year under the energetic presidency of Judge McDougall the sports bid fair to surpass any that have been heretofore held by the Association, and as the list of entries comprises such names as Hyslop, Muntz, Lightbourn, Rolph and other well known swimmers and wielders of the paddle, the public will see that a good afternoon's sport is assured.

*

An engagement is announced between Mr. Rowan Kertland and Miss Blanche Wilson.

*

A very pleasant party was given by Mrs. James Wright of 438 Sherbourne street last Saturday evening. Miss Authors sang twice very sweetly, and Mrs. Wright's song with violin obligato was most charming. The Messrs. Milne rendered some good selections on violin and flute. Among the guests were: Misses Pease, Sheppard, Authors, G. Fraser, M. Haslett, Coates, and Wade, Shearne, Swale of Kingston, Messrs. Sinclair, Coates, Hazard, Milne, Smith, Milne, Authors, W. Lamont and Pease.

*

Mr. and Mrs. T. Dyas and family are summering at Pine Lodge, Center Island.

*

Mrs. Henry Moffatt is away on a fortnight's visit to her sister.

*

Rev. John Mutch of Chalmers' Church, Mrs. Mutch, children and nurse are spending the summer at Chautauqua.

*

Mr. D. D. Christie of Churchill avenue, Mrs. Christie, Miss Jean Christie, with Miss Fyfe of New York are spending the holidays at Muskoka.

*

Port Sandfield, Muskoka, has a reputation for gaiety, which has been embodied in the expression Giddy Sandfield. Judging by the crowd which turned out Thursday the 12th to the annual regatta its glory in this respect is nowise on the wane. The guests of the hotel had raised a subscription for the purchase of prizes amounting to $150.00, and in addition a silver challenge cup to be sailed for by sailing skiffs and won three times in succession. The cup specially designed for the occasion is worth working for. The day passed off in the pleasantest possible manner. A stiff breeze was blowing which made the sailing races rather exciting. Two boats capsizing in the first race, Mr. Cockburn's skiff, which made an excellent tack for the first bouy, displaying her keel before reaching it. Mr. Anson Birge of Hamilton with Mr. McVitty and Mr. A. H. Cassels of Toronto were spilled near the last turning bouy, the last named gentleman being caught underneath. Mr. Cassels, however, is as much at home in the water as out, and retained his presence of mind, coming out with no serious loss. Tae sailing canoe race, which owing to the increased force of the wind was really a hazardous affair, was nobly won by Mr. Harry Lea. Mr. A. H. O'Brien was the winner of the day, three events in succession, *sans* breathing-spell, falling to his prowess. Master George Carruthers won the boys swimming race and made a good record at the same time. Miss Mabel Caulfeild and Mr. Frith Burnaides showed they could pull well together while Mr. Vickers although beaten by Mr. O'Brien in the single canoe, showed his ability to paddle his own canoe. Miss Fanny Burgess won the ladies single scull. The officers were Major Mason, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. F. T. Phillips, judges; Mr. Owen A. Smily, secretary; and Messrs. Cox and Lea, starters. In the evening a concert was given by Miss Mabel Caulfeild, Miss Gordon, Mr. Walter Read, Mr. Monsie Fletcher and Mr. Owen A. Smily. The last-named gentleman had written a song entitled Sandfield, which was sung by Mr. Fletcher in a way to bring down the house. The prizes were then presented by Mr. Walter Read and after the chairman, Mr. Martin, Q.C. of Hamilton, had proposed a vote of thanks to the performers, the hall was cleared for the usual hop. The indefatigable Mr. E. C. Rutherford of Toronto instituted a German on Saturday night led by himself, which passed off to the delight of both dancers and onlookers.

*

Miss Birdie Cook, who has been visiting Miss Scales of Wellington place for some time, returned home last week.

*

Miss Lytle of Barrie is the guest of her sister, Mrs. George Furness.

*

One evening last week a very successful garden party was given by the young people of Christ church, Mimico. A number were present from Toronto and seemed to participate in all the pleasures that had been arranged so well by the committee. A novelty which was the center of attraction during the evening was the postoffice, where foreign and Canadian letters from unknown friends could be had for the small sum of five cents. The band played some excellent selections, which were greatly enjoyed by all present.

*

Miss Carter of Picton is visiting friends in Toronto.

*

Mr. T. and Miss Beatty of Lambton Mills and Miss V. Mason of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. James Hamilton of Port Credit.

*

Mrs. and the Misses Cowan are visiting in Hamilton.

*

Rev. Mr. Manning of St. James' Cathedral has been spending a week in camp at Mimico.

*

Miss M. MacFarlane of Toronto has been visiting relatives at Port Credit.

*

Mr. E. E. Switzer left last Saturday for two or three weeks' holidays in Napanee and other places.

*

Miss Lillian L. Armson of Shannon street has been spending two weeks with Mrs. Charles Brahn of Orillia, and from there, in company with Mr. Percy and Miss Birdie Willmott of Dovercourt road, proceeded to Muskoka. After spending four weeks at that popular resort visiting the different lakes and places of interest they reached home last week and report a most charming holiday.

*

Miss Clare Beemer of Ridgemont, Yonkers, N. Y., is spending a month's vacation at Toronto.

*

A correspondent has been good enough to send me the following from Beaumaris: Kindly allow me to send in a short report of a concert given here at Beaumaris Hotel, Muskoka, Monday evening, August 8, by the guests of the house and some from surrounding islands and camps. It was a delightful little concert, forty-five dollars being taken at the door. The proceeds were in aid of the church now being erected on Beaumaris Island. The programme consisted of instrumental and vocal music and readings. An instrumental trio, piano, violin and cornet was given

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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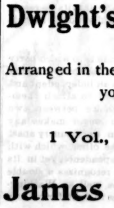

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NOTHING grows old fashioned sooner than jewellery; one may wear the year before last's hat, or the shoes of the year before that, the gloves of a decade back and the collar of lang syne, but one dare not wear the drop-earrings of antiquity, nor the watch chain *passee*. Some of the sweetest new fashions in *bijouterie* are from the jewel city of France, gay Paris. A strange new brooch of sardonyx, with the sard dark and red on the outer rim and paling to pure white onyx in the center, represents an open primula, a gold bee is resting on one dainty segment and a pure pearl makes a honey cup in the heart of the flower. Another flower broach is of dull white carnelian, carved delicately and set in silver. Silver is to be the

fashionable setting and often the whole substance of the coming season's jewellery. In necklaces, the pretty fine linked gold neck-chains, with here and there a beautiful little enamelled flower suspended are *chic*. A French brooch represents half of an almond shell with a lady-bug in varied colors of enamel making her promenade thereon. Another fashionable conceit is the outline of a heart, formed of tiny enamelled forget-me-nots in blue and white. One of the new fancies is the double collar pin which consists of two brooches to fasten on each side of the dress collar, and united by a pendant and chain; this design is carried out in various ways. One pair of pins were cowrie shells, one turned face up, the other studded on the back with tiny rubies and diamonds, the pendant was a wicked little gold serpent, half coiled, with a diamond head. A crescent brooch, set in a row of alternate turquoise and pearls, had a tiny chicken in gold on its rim, who stood eyeing a pearl egg with an expression most comically inquisitive. A French pendant was peculiar and interesting, being a leaf of Virginia creeper in brown sard set in gold, and at every leaf point a diamond. For the gentlemen, a recent agony is gold sleeve links enamelled with a Scotch thistle in natural tint; and again the design takes the form of tiny *fleur de lis* in white enamel. A curious sort of pendant was of carved and polished Mexican stone, a head of Bacchus set in yellow gold. The stone is irridiscent and the polishing is a lost art, but a similar substance is found in Labrador, and when you want this unique jewel you ask for "Labradorite."

On dit, that signet rings will be the proper ornament for my lady's dainty fingers this winter, small, elegantly-set blood-stones and such like, with her monogram and crest thereon. For a betrothal ring, which a young *fiancee* may bestow upon her chosen knight, I saw curious-looking rings in twists and links of platinum and gold, having a sort of Viking and barbaric look that is very fetching.

From bethrothal rings one comes quite naturally to "spoons," but not the spoons of the moonlit terrace and low turned gaslight. No! rather to the souvenir spoons in their dainty cotton swathing or aristocratic velvet cases, and of the making of which there seems to be no end. It is such a pretty, useful fancy, the buying of spoons from every city or town on a summer tour, and truly visitors to Toronto need not fail to carry away a motley and beautiful dozen, for there are most lovely ones made here. There is the Sir John Macdonald spoon, with the ex-Premier's well known features worked in silver on the handle. The "Toronto" spoon in the handle of which one finds the name of our city, curiously twined and twisted. A boating spoon, with a pair of oars for a handle, and a gold rope twined round them. A "city" spoon, with our city arms, and the date thereon. A lovely Easter spoon, with a fair and stately Easter lily enamelled on the handle. A spoon specially designed for the Knights of St. John, with their cross and motto on the handle, and St. Michael's Cathedral in the bowl. The tennis spoon has its fairy racquet and ball, and the date should be engraved on the bowl. The Kings daughters have also their particular spoon, with a maltese cross and I. H. N. thereon. Some lovely sugar spoons have the University pictured on the bowls. Some orange spoons with tapering bowls and handles formed of a capital silver representation of Niagara Falls; one elegant orange spoon has the stem and handle formed in dull silver of a spray of orange tree, with buds, leaves, blossoms and tiny golden fruit. I tried to get a peep at some spoons with the view of the new Parliament Buildings in the Queen's Park, but not one was left in stock, although a lot were in course of completion for the Exhibition. Charming are the silver-gilt coffee spoons, with transparent enamel work in the handles, and I fell in love with a delicate gold spoon, with a mother of pearl stem bound with circlets of gold. Pap spoons, broad and solid, with cherubs on the handles, in old silver with gilt bowls, would make the infant son and heir a present fit for a king. Almost every one of these souvenir spoons are Toronto made and Toronto designed, and nothing can be more acceptable as a little present to the resident or the visitor than one or more of the artistic and dainty trifles.

More jewelery is to be worn; that fashion decrees, and when well chosen and appropriate to the time and place no one fails to admire it. I saw a lovely little bracelet the other day—a present from Joseph Jefferson to a painstaking and clever young lady of his company. It was just a flexible band of forget-me-nots cunningly enamelled on flakes of gold, and with one small heart-shaped pendant, likewise decorated. The young actress was proud of her unpretentious ornament, for the sake of the talented and genial donor, and whether in satin or serge, muslin or silk., she was never dressed to her own satisfacton, unless her slender arm was bound by her beloved forget-me-nots. But while such a souvenir is gracefully worn at all times, ladies should be more than chary of wearing more costly or showy *bijouterie*. The American and her diamonds are a byword the world over, but the Canadian and the English woman sometimes wear diamonds, emeralds, turquoise and the like, where the surroundings make them absurd. After all, jewelry as a gaud and only for display, is a relic of barbarism, but some I have described above are the expression of a love for and an appreciation of the artistic and the beautiful, which can offend no taste, and delight many a feminine heart.

LA MODE.

For information, etc., thanks are given to James E. Ellis & Co.

The Awakening.

YOU have read of Rip Van Winkle; how he slumbered till at his awakening he was unknown. But there was nothing so very extraordinary in that. It was natural that time should elapse, and it was also natural that he should be forgotten with the lapse of time. It might have been accounted a marvelous thing if at his waking he had found time had retrogressed—to an earlier period, in fact, than when he fell asleep. I have had that experience. . . .

When I arrived at the park I was even more surprised at the lack of order there exhibited and the remarkable garb of the multitudes there assembled. I deemed it my duty, however, to rise, and did so; but I was instantly assiled with such a torrent of abuse that I was glad to sit down again. Then a burly fellow in medieval attire—one of the leaders of the movement—came and gratuitously told me I had made myself ridiculous; I was a buffoon.

Sorely aggrived as I felt before, I could not brook this additional insult, and roundly rated the man for his impertinent remarks, giving him at the same time my name and address in case he resented my conduct. . . .

He called me a rogue and scoundrel; I retorted he was a fibber. . . . . .

Imagine my surprise when I was confronted by my own ancestor who denied all knowledge of me and did not hesitate to declare I was an imposter. I advised them to wire off to my chambers in town, or to my legal practitioner who would soon authenticate my words; but they only asked me incredulously what I meant by such ridiculous senseless phrases?

"Be so good as to carry a prepaid reply telegram to the postoffice for me," said I.

"Hark," they exclaimed, "and the electric telegraph has not yet been invented! He is a spy, a lunatic, a Frenchman!"

"Indeed," said I, "but I am a loyal and true subject of the Queen."

"When our monarch is a man and a bachelor," they cried; "thou art mad, man!"

"Do what you will with me, then," said I, piteously wringing my hands; "but O, that I should have lived in the Nineteenth Century!"

"Here, take him away," cried my ancestor, "I was born only in eleven hundred and sixty, yet he maketh me to appear an old man." So was I hurried off to unjust confinement,—merely for having in my ignorance slept away a few centuries.

I shall never be released again. They have immured me in a dark and darksome cell beneath the site of my own home, where I used to live in the ages yet to come. Here am I pondering a riddle; which riddle is: Whether if I were to write a writing, that writing which I wrote would live through the intervening centuries that have gone, from the present remote past to the future late present—untenable; I give it up.

However, fearing I may lose my wits through this most lamentable of mishaps, I have made a writing of this my incongruous narrative and hand it over for safe keeping to one Dubius Oldfoste, my gaoler, whom I trust since he is the forefather of the venerable acquaintance of my youth. Under my hand and seal (Peace be with you).—*Ananias Madpole in the Pyfstian Calendar for 1888.*

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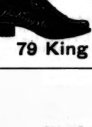

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CHAPTER III.

MUSCOVY PLACE.

Although one side of Muscovy Place is formed by the great Furham road, the place itself is as quiet as the square of a small provincial town. On three sides it has no opening. The rear of it is built at the edge of the river; that the back wall of the Orrs' house stood at the inner limit of the foreshore, and the base was twice daily covered several feet by the Thames.

Over the ground floor, consisting of slide door, with hall, shop, back parlour, and kitchen, rose two floors, each of three rooms, the back ones looking on the busy river. No one lived in the house but Edith and her invalid mother, who a year before had suffered from a paralytic seizure, and was now able to walk about without a stick or the assistance of counter or chair or table. She was well enough to sit in the shop and attend chance customers, whose visits were lamentably few. She could rise and stand by the counter, and move tolifully up and down between it and the fixtures, but the chief weight and responsibility of the shop and house lay on Edith, her only child.

The death of Charles Orr, husband of the paralytic, and father of Edith, had left the women in very precarious circumstances. He had not been a practical business man. He had been given to dreaming of inventions. He had indulged scientifical aspirations and ambitions wide of commercial intent. He did not displise money. He simply never thought of money at all. His neighbors in Muscovy Place had a kind of pride in him, because he was not mercenary or worldly wise. They thought it a pity a man of his gifts and knowledge should be lost in Furham. They had a notion he would be invaluable at the Greenwich Observatory, and that he might have made a creditable Astronomer Royal if luck had been on his side. But his attainments were not so great as the neighbors supposed, and luck is never on the side of such a man.

When he died two years before Jeaters' first visit to the shop, three hundred pounds came to the widow from a life insurance. In addition to this there were a few pounds in the local bank, the stock-in-trade of little worth, and the business of small value at any time, and almost of no value at all to a couple of women. Some of the insurance money had to be expended in debts and expenses. Mrs. Orr was then an active woman. Her malady from which she now suffered did not fall upon her until a year after her husband's death. The business in Muscovy Place had a respectable connection, and for a time work came in unsolicited at the door that had ever been wooed across the threshold by the dead proprietor.

But Mrs. Orr was shrewd enough to know this briskness of trade arose out of sympathy with her fresh widowhood, and that in time it would die away, and the business would not only sink back to its old level, but fall below it, so far below it by and by that it would not be enough to keep a roof over Edith and herself. She knew enough of the business to sell articles in the shop, but all the orders and repairs had to be given out, and she did not feel equal to coping with artificers. For a time she tried, but mistakes were made by the workmen and thefts were committed, and after a while she took the advice of a friend and set herself to look for a manager.

The great difficulty in finding a manager was there was so little to manage that the pay must be very small. In fact it would not be sufficient to keep a man altogether. So after a while she began to despair of finding any man who could and would fill the position at a salary the business could afford.

At last, and when she was seriously thinking of giving up the struggle, somebody brought word that a certain man, named John Crane, who lived at the other side of the river and was just beginning business there on his own account in the same line, had said that if Mrs. Orr did not want his services exclusively, if she could in fact go on as she was now going and let the order and repairs and bespoke work pass through his hands he would be glad to undertake the office at a small salary, or on any terms which would suit the widow.

Plainly this was the very person for her. When he called she saw a man of medium height, square build, and modest in demeanour. He had brown hair and brown eyes and brown beard, and in all the brown there was a warm tone, though no absolute suggestion of red. His years might have been a couple at either side of thirty. He had not much to say. His eyes were quick and intelligent. He seemed to take in all he saw at once, and to have no need of further looking. He lived at North Furham on the other side of the Thames, between which and Furham (never called South Furham except officially and for emphasis) and had been only a short time in business. John Crane's terms were moderate. He would come at Muscovy Place twice every day, take away what work he found, and bring it back done. Nothing could be more satisfactory. Mrs. Orr felt greatly relieved. She thought the business might now be kept on indefinitely, for ever—till she died, or till Edith married.

"Until Edith married." That was a thought often in Mrs. Orr's mind, before and after her husband's death. Edith was, of course, quite young, only twenty, at the time of her father's death, and Mrs. Orr, was never anxious then, as now, that her daughter should leave Muscovy Place.

The widow was a woman of common sense, which had found little exercise during the lifetime of her husband, for no one in the world ever had any influence over that erratic man. His wife was level-headed, and saw with clear sight. She saw as clearly as the most indifferent stranger that her daughter had the beauty of face and figure, and gay and sprightly gifts of mind and manner, which would win her a dozen eager suitors any summer's day. At twenty the girl's beauty was the wonder of all who saw it, and her friends marvelled how Mrs. Orr had been able to keep her daughter so long.

In confidence Mrs. Orr had said to a crony, before her husband's death, "The fact is, I don't think Edie has any more thought of marriage or a sweetheart even than a new-born baby; and, of course, as you may fancy, I am in no hurry for her marriage. She is my man. She is the sunshine of our house and lives."

That talk of Mrs. Orr's had taken place more than two years since, before the girl's beauty had grown so full and regal as it was now. Since then the head of the house had died, and the mother had become an invalid; and the outlook of mother and daughter had in no way improved—had, in fact, become materially worse; but still Edith Orr showed no sign of marriage.

During her husband's lifetime Mrs. Orr would not have been particularly anxious about the means possessed by any suitor of Edith's, so long as her young man's character was satisfactory, his prospects fair, and her daughter loved him. Now, the financial possessions of a wooer had be more important; for it was not at all likely the business would prosper; and if it failed, and Edith did not marry, what was to become of both of them if the business failed, and Edith was married to a poor man, what was to become of herself—old, helpless, paralyzed.

These thoughts were in the storeroom of Mrs. Orr's mind. They were never even once shown to her daughter, and for all the mother knew of the present condition of that daughter's heart, the art of love might never have been invented, the ceremony of marriage had no more to do with the present age than the dinosaurs or heads of the cave men.

But although Mrs. Orr kept her own counsel, she had thoughts in her mind about Edith. That young man, John Crane, had been coming about the business twice daily for some time. He seemed steady and industrious. He wasn't a very fine or a very handsome man, but there was a look of great firmness about him. He spoke little, too little she thought. There might be a wealth of openness about him, but when he did speak no one could mistake his meaning and he always gave the impression of a person who knew his own mind.

Now this young man could not have seen Edith so often without being struck by the girl's surprising beauty. He had never been in this little back sitting-room. But even in the shop, in the humdrum business interviews between the three, he could not miss observing her gay sprightliness of manner, and the charms of her rich, fanciful mind.

If John Crane should take a liking to Edie, and Edie should take a liking to him all present difficulties would be solved in a most reasonable and satisfactory way. Young Crane's business and the Muscovy place business could be amalgamated and they could all live together. The scheme was not a romantic one and there was a time when she, as a mother seeing the extraordinary loveliness of her Edie growing from day to day dreamed dreams of the future triumphs and splendors of her child. But Edie for this thought of comfort or taste for it, and affairs were now in such a precarious condition that the mother would hail with thankfulness and joy any symptoms of approach between the two young people.

But there was no sign of any such inclination. The young people seemed quite indifferent to one another. They were not even friends. Indeed Mrs. Orr in her despair began to think her daughter would never take more interest in any particular man than she did in the first who might pass along the great Furham road at the top of the place.

Of these matters which were in the widow's mind never in word or action did she give any hint to Edith. In a way she stood afraid of the girl. Never had Edie shown temper or displayed aptitude for resentment. She was in all ordinary matters as free and open as the day. But Mrs. Orr knew that her daughter had regions of thought reserved inviolably from even her mother. The mother was fully persuaded that though no cloud of secrecy or silence had ever appeared between them; nevertheless, there was an Edith Orr private and apart, of whom the mother had no more knowledge than of the heroines of the next generation. It was doubtful to Mrs. Orr if the daughter herself knew of this Edith Orr who dwelt or far remote from the bright and fine and gay and sprightly and debonair girl moving about the shop in Muscovy Place, and seeming so open and free and business-like with this young man, John Crane. Of one thing concerning this unknown Edith Orr the widow was fully certain. If the time of revelation ever came nothing base or mean or unworthy would be found in that lonely spirit.

Although Mrs. Orr had no reservation in say a word to Edith about marriage, and although she hardly dared to own to herself she was solicitous about the matter, shortly after the death of her husband, she did one thing in the line of procuring a husband for her daughter.

The house in Muscovy Place, although small, was too large for the family and far too large for their shrunken means, after losing the earnings of the husband. She talked the matter over with her daughter, who seemed scarcely interested, and in the end put up a bill in the shop window with: "Furnished apartments to be let. Apply within" on it. From the day that bill appeared no one had ever rented the lodgings, no one had ever walked upstairs to see the rooms. No one had ever even asked about them.

Mrs. Orr had thought that some nice young man might take the drawing-floor, as it was called, and that by and by he might take the landlady's lovely daughter. But no ray of hope had shone upon this mild design of the widow's. The bill remained in the window still; but the hopes which prompted its exhibition had died long ago.

To the great joy and amazement of Mrs. Orr the day after Frank Jeaters left his watch to have a new glass and new hands put in it, the widow let her rooms, and to a young man who, in appearance and manners, far outshone any one she had in her most sanguine dreams pictured as a lodger.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. VINCENT PLACE.

It was the apparition of a white figure at the water door that made Frank Jeaters fling up his arms and utter that cry of horror. Was this the spirit of his dead wife come back already from the murderous depths of the dreadful river in which had killed her father, and of which she had stood in such mortal dread?

Jeaters dropped his arms, and for a moment stood open-mouthed, spell-bound in the dense darkness of the great hall. He was not by any means a superstitious man, but beyond all doubt a female figure, which looked like a shrouded figure, stood white in the muffled moonlight at the doorway. His wife was not in her bed-room nor in the sitting-room. Of her own free will and in her full senses she would not dream of going near the river. She would keep as far as possible from the water, of which she entertained a morbid dread. If in his absence and her solitude she had been seized by frenzy, she might have flung herself into the Thames, the attraction of repulsion, exercising its fatal fascination on the downfall of her reason.

On the first wild glance at the figure, and in the first flash of thought, he had no other solution of the manifestation in the doorway than that the mind of his unfortunate wife had given way under her loneliness and the proximity of the river she so loathed, that she had rushed upon her doom into the very water which had made her life intolerable, and that her spirit had come back to tell him of her fate, and—since spirits know all things—reproach him for worshipping at another shrine, reproach him for tiring of her so soon, reproach him for wishing to be rid of a sick wife, reproach him for desiring her death, reproach him for bringing her to live in this awful vast lonely house, damp with the deadly and gravelike dampness of desuetude, and hard by the river, which had more terrors for her than all other evil forces in Heaven or earth, reproach him for devising this lodging in a half-formed hope it would hasten her away—into the grave.

But the next instant all these thoughts were darkened and swept away in a mist by the certainty that this was not the ghost but the living body of his wife.

The figure of the woman crossed the threshold and came slowly up the hall. He was enabled to see so much by the dull blue light of a cloudy moon.

What could she be doing there and in such a garb? In all the time he knew her he had never found her out in any deceit, even the most trifling. She was silly, he thought, but she had never once, so far as he had discovered, deliberately misled him as to her likes and dislikes and sympathies. He was unprepared for her fainting to-day in the hall. It was perfectly consistent with her weak mind and her frail body that she should swoon. But nothing could be more unexpected of her than that she should simulate the horror of the Thames then displayed by her.

"Pollie!" she whispered, without moving from where he stood in the darkness.

She came slowly up the hall.

"Pollie!" he said in a louder whisper.

She made no response. She held her slow, deliberate way, as though he had not spoken, as though he were not there. Of course he knew she could not see, but she could hear him.

"Pollie!" he said a third time, now with his full voice.

She made in word or movement no response.

All at once a thought struck him. She was now almost within the middle of the hall, close to the laneway of light that issued from the open bedroom door.

He stooped his body, drew himself together

"IS IT HER SPIRIT?"

and began approaching her with stealthy steps —with elaborate precautions against making noise.

When she entered the laneway of light at the river side she was on the quay edge of it. He was bent nearly double. His eyes were fixed with an awful look upon her face. She turned towards the bedroom door with soft, slow, deliberate step. He noticed that her footfall made no sound. He glanced down at her feet. They were naked, bare to the chill and damp of the floor. He looked up at her face. Her eyes were open!

Yes, there could be no doubt of it now. Pollie was walking in her sleep. The fascination of the terrible river had followed her into unconsciousness, and she was moving through that vast, lonely house by night in the mindless trance of a somnambulist!

He straightened himself and watched her as she walked up that lane of light towards the bedroom door. He watched her enter the bedroom. He saw her turn and shut the door. When the door was shut he was alone in the dark.

He did not move from where he stood. He folded his arms across his chest and stood rigid in the great black hollow hall.

Pollie had never before, so far as he knew, showed symptoms of somnambulism. How did this new malady affect her case? How would this new malady affect her life? How would this new infirmity or anything that might come of it affect him?

How would this new infirmity of hers affect her life in this lonely, deserted, unvisited house, which hung over the Thames—the river Thames, from which she had a morbid aversion in her waking hours, towards which she was drawn, by the inscrutable magnetism of perverted loathing in her sleep.

He relaxed his arms and crept towards the great river door that stood open at the lower end of the hall.

There was stealth in his step. He did not define his thought to himself. To go to the end of the hall and look out upon the river was a harmless act, yet in performing it he moved as if he were afraid—as if he were afraid of detection—as if he were a criminal.

Afraid of what?

Afraid of discovering to himself his own thoughts—thoughts, or rather intimations of thoughts that might arise hereafter, or that might arise in the mind of some one else. Yes, that was really what occupied in mind for the past few minutes, though he had not been able to give form to it just now. He had unawares been trying to think what might arise from other minds and respecting the sleep-walking he had witnessed in the hall a few moments since.

When Jeaters had arranged this explanation with himself his manner lost much of its stealth. He traversed the lower part of the great hall towards the water door with more assured tread, and though there was still the appearance of apprehension and watchfulness in his manner, he was less furtive, more bold. When he reached the water door he paused a moment. Beyond the door projected a wide balcony, and under the balcony lay the great shrouded figure, beneath which boats could at all times of tide reach a tiny harbor below the hall of the hotel.

Jeaters stepped out on the balcony and for a little while stood looking up and down the river and examining the balcony so far as he could see in the flat vague light of the clouded moon.

There were two long garden seats on the balcony. Jeaters walked to the one on the left and flung himself down upon it. He took a counter-poised trap with a tassellated top corresponding with the rest of the floor, and opposite the bedroom. The lower end of the slide reached the level of the platform right under the main exterior wall of the hotel. The platform at the foot of the slide was not more than three or four feet wide. So that between the foot of the slide and the river there were only the three or four feet of platform. Taking into account the steepness of the slide or shoot this was a mistake in construction, for the impetus gained by a heavy body in its decent down the shoot carried it with great force against the rail of the platform. Whenever the slide had been used a man was placed at the base of it to break the speed of the baggage descending, and prevent it dashing violently against the railing. In dismantling the hotel on its failure, a vast quantity of packages and the hardier furniture had been sent down the slide into lighters, and in the end the railing had been carried away. This breach of the railing was at the time of dismantling the place a convenience, for it enabled the goods to be shot down into the lighter without any handling on the platform, and as the hotel was not to be occupied again the injury to the railing had never been repaired. So now, if a bag or portmanteau were sent down that slide it would rush down the incline, glide across the platform and drop into the Thames.

Jeaters took his way through the intense gloom of the vault over the little dock where the water sucked and gurgled and lapped, softly, incessantly, shyly, secretly.

As he passed the slide he touched it with approving hand to feel how strong it was. When he reached the end of the vault, the point of the little quay furthest from the entrance he turned round and looked out through the archway on the river. It lay like a field of burnished silver in the moonlight, with here and there ships' hulls of ebony darkness, like rocks of stubborn night that would not be transmuted into silver by the moon, and above the hulls tall spars pointing heavenward to repose, and out farther in the haze beyond the silver field of water, the low lying shore, jewelled with amber lights, and further still an autumn mist blanched by the moon. The peace of God was in the night.

As Jeaters looked out upon the scene from

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Marvellous Effect ! !
Preserves and Rejuvenates the Complexion.

DR. REDWOOD'S REPORT.

The Ingredients are perfectly pure, and WE CANNOT SPEAK TOO HIGHLY OF THEM.
The Soap is PERFECTLY PURE and ABSOLUTELY NEUTRAL.
SUVENIA SOAP is entirely free from any colouring matter, and contains about the smallest proportion possible of water.
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The head of the slide was connected by a counter-poised trap with a tassellated top corresponding with the rest of the floor, and opposite the bedroom. The lower end of the slide reached the level of the platform right under the main exterior wall of the hotel. The platform at the foot of the slide was not more than three or four feet wide. So that between the foot of the slide and the river there were only the three or four feet of platform. Taking into account the steepness of the slide or shoot this was a mistake in construction, for the impetus gained by a heavy body in its decent down the shoot carried it with great force against the rail of the platform. Whenever the slide had been used a man was placed at the base of it to break the speed of the baggage descending, and prevent it dashing violently against the railing. In dismantling the hotel on its failure, a vast quantity of packages and the hardier furniture had been sent down the slide into lighters, and in the end the railing had been carried away. This breach of the railing was at the time of dismantling the place a convenience, for it enabled the goods to be shot down into the lighter without any handling on the platform, and as the hotel was not to be occupied again the injury to the railing had never been repaired. So now, if a bag or portmanteau were sent down that slide it would rush down the incline, glide across the platform and drop into the Thames.

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As Jeaters looked out upon the scene from

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It will bring you comfort and ease
It will save your clothes and hands
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the vault above which his wife was sleeping, he thought:

"The case of that man is hard. The case of that man is intolerable. What should he do?

"If he were a villain and lived here he might invite the woman down to where I stand now, and, pointing to the water at the dock, say to her:

"'It is all over between you and me. My love for you is dead. We cannot live together. There is no use in our living fettered apart. I will not live with you or apart from you fettered. Why should two lives be ruined. Why should a man and woman drag out a long life of unbroken misery. You are my wife, I am your husband. The law will not relieve us of one another. Either of us may be happy alone. Which shall it be. There is the water. If we remain here together one shall both die. Either of us may walk up those stairs and go out into the world free. Which shall it be?'

"That is what this villain would say to the woman. Even a man who was not quite a villain might put it in that way under the circumstances. It is, after all, only a fair way of putting the case. It is fair for him and fair for her. If she cares for nothing but him and has lost his love, what good is life to her? If he cares for someone else, and must care without speaking, what good is life to him?

"After all the man who would say that to the woman would not be a villain.

"But if the woman said, 'I will walk up the stairs'—what then?"

"Then if after the woman did not walk up the stairs, and the man did afterwards walk up the stairs instead, the man would be a villian. Of course, in that case the man would be a villian."

J ediers resumed his way round the little door and reached the foot of the stairs leading to the hall above.

Then he paused again.

"I must," he thought, "fasten the door—the water-door in the hall. Pollie must have opened it herself, of course. I'll close it up so that it cannot be opened again by her in the same way, under the same circumstances. Of course, there is no danger there on the balcony, for the railing is too high for one to fall over accidentally. And I do not want any attention attracted to the rear of this place and a white figure could be seen there by night a long way off, and would make people talk, and I don't want people to talk."

He ascended the stairs and cautiously opened the door into the great hall. He went to the water door and shut and bolted it. The hall was now in absolute darkness. He stole back, feeling his way by the wall and pillars. He crept as cautiously as though he were illegally in a strange house, and his life depended on escaping discovery.

He crept on until he came to the bedroom door. He guessed where it was by the position, and made sure by the key being on the outside. He turned the handle. All was dark within. The candle must have burned out. He put in his head and listened intently. He could hear the weak, husky breathing of his wife. Closing the door with enormous caution he withdrew to the middle of the hall and stood still.

"Suppose," he thought, "that man made up his mind to bear with things as they were a little longer. Suppose, together with all the other things that made her distasteful to him, he knew she was a somnambulist; suppose the place was dangerous for a sleep-walker, would he be bound to sit up all night to see that she did not get into mischief?

"No."

He dropped on his hands and knees to the floor. He crawled along the floor guiding himself by feeling the edges of the tesserae with his nails. At last he reached the wall. He felt up down the wall patiently for a long time. At last his hand touched a metal handle. He pulled it, and a large square of the pavement rose and stood upright, disclosing a broad square unprotected hole, and the hinged side of the slide, up which came a dim, faint blue light, the reflection of the moonlight on the water at the mouth of the dock cast upward.

He did not put down the trap. He crawled away from it on his hands and knees until he reached the sitting-room door. He rose here, trembling, and bathed in cold sweat. Taking the key from the outside of the door he crept into the room, closed the door, locked it, and staggering to the couch, fell upon it, prone.

(To be Continued.)

A Startling Discovery.

Had Mr. James Polwhele prevailed upon Augustus Druriolanus to allow him to appear as Bluebeard on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Drury lane, he would most assuredly have been hissed.

He was almost as thin as a yardstick and had a decided stoop in his shoulders. His hair was straw colored; his face was benevolence itself.

This benevolent appearance was accentuated by a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, for he was as short-sighted as a mole.

He was very wealthy and he had been a great traveler. He was an F.R.S., an F.Z.S., an F.S.A. and fellow of many other learned societies.

He resolved to marry. When a wealthy man and a savant resolves to marry he is as good as married.

Mr. Polwhele fell in love with a very nice young lady—a Miss Grace Arnold—whom he met at a friend's house.

She, being a bit of a blue stocking herself, took to the traveler and the savant at one.

He proposed, was accepted and asked his *fiancee* to name the day.

"I must consult mamma," she said.

"Your mamma!" cried Mr. Polwhele. "Really, I did'nt know you had a mamma."

"Oh, yes; mamma lives in the country; not from preference, but necessity. We are not rich, you know. I live with London friends so that I may visit the reference library at the British Museum. She will come up to town at once—to-morrow."

Mr. Polwhele did not look very pleased. Mrs. Arnold came to town on the morrow and Mr. Polwhele was duly introduced.

The instant she set eyes on the meek little man who was about to become her son-in-law she resolved to come up to town and rule both his wife, his house and all that was or would be his.

The instant Mr. Polwhele set eyes on his prospective mother-in-law he said to himself:

"I don't like her. She's a meddler or I am much mistaken. I must keep her at arm's length."

Miss Arnold was married from her home in the country village. Immediately after the ceremony she left with her husband for the residence of one of the latter's aristocratic friends, which had been placed at their disposal.

At the expiration of the honeymoon they returned to Champion Hill. Twelve hours had not elapsed when Mrs. Polwhele received a letter from her mother.

"James," she said, shortly after its receipt, "mamma wishes to visit us and bring Marje and Annie."

"Does she?" returned Mr. Polwhele. "Well, I suppose they must come. I think—yes—I think you may invite them for a week. By the way, my dear, I wish to speak to you with regard to a room upstairs. I wish no one to enter it but myself, so I always lock it up and carry the key in my pocket when I go out. It contains my treasures; they lie all over the place, but they must not be moved, as I am writing about them."

"Doesn't that room want dusting?" asked Mrs. Polwhele, whose curiosity was aroused.

"My dear, I would much rather no one entered the room but myself."

"What, not even your own little wife?"

"Not even my own darling little wife."

"I believe you are a nasty, disagreeable old thing and I won't love you any more."

The great traveller, the learned savant, etc., laughed and drew his bride to him. Then, just like any other less famous man, he kissed her.

"I will know what's in that room," said Mrs. Polwhele to herself. "Wait till mamma comes."

She did not wait very long. Mrs. Arnold started directly she got the letter of invitation and took her two daughters with her.

"Well, my dear," she said, as soon as she reached the Polwhele residence, "you see I've come. Now I want to know if you are happy. Does your husband treat you well?"

"Oh, yes, mamma. James is an angel."

"But are you sure?" persisted Mrs. Arnold. "Where is Mr. Polwhele, my dear?"

"At work in his room."

"Indeed! Why is he not here to receive us? I am disappointed in him. He must be taught."

"Mamma!" interrupted Mrs. Polwhele, "I trust you will not attempt to teach James anything. He is considered, among those who should know, quite a genius."

"Nonsense, child!" she exclaimed. "He is only a man, and man must not be spoiled by foolish wives. Did I understand you to say he is at work in his room?"

"He is writing a book."

"On what subject?"

"Really, mamma, I do not know. James allows no one to enter his room but himself. His work is secret, and the door is always locked."

Mrs. Arnold lifted up her hands in astonishment.

"Goodness gracious!" she cried, "are you the mistress of this house? Do you mean to say that you don't know what he does—that you have never been in his room!"

"I asked him to let me dust the room, but he said no one must enter it.

"I see I must deal with Mr. Polwhele. Keep a secret from his wife, indeed! Have a locked-up room in his house! He may be a coiner—a forger—a——"

"Mamma!"

"I say he may. I've heard of such things. You must insist on knowing what is going on. You have a right to know."

Mr. Polwhele did not appear until lunch time. His mother-in-law greeted him rather stiffly.

"I hoped to have seen you much earlier," she said.

"I was busy just then," he rejoined. "I must apologize for not coming down to welcome you."

"Grace says you lock yourself up in your room and allow no one to enter—not even your wife," continued Mrs. Arnold. "On some more fitting occasion I should like to point out that secrets are——"

"Secrets," prompted Mr. Polwhele. "I beg you will point out nothing."

She took the hint and said no more just then. But she never lost an opportunity to stir her daughter up and Mrs. Polwhele soon began to think that it was downright wrong for her husband to lock up a room and a secret.

She tried wheedling. Mr. Polwhele enjoyed it immensely but declined to be made a Samson.

She tried entreaties and tears, Mr. Polwhele kissed the latter away and kept his secret. Then she tried anger.

"James," she said, "we shall never be happy until I have been in that room. You are unkind and unjust. It is wrong of you. I couldn't have believed you would have acted so. Take me into the place at once."

"I am very sorry, my dear," he said, "to disappoint you, but I can't take you. Ask me in six months' time and you shall see everything."

Mrs. Polwhele bounced out of the room. Here was a woman burning to know a secret and her husband asked her to wait six months. She told her mother what had transpired.

Mr. Polwhele attended a scientific meeting that day. He came home rather unexpectedly, hurrying upstairs with that quiet step of his, he caught his mother-in-law trying keys on the lock of his room door.

"Madame," he said, "I shall be very angry if I see or hear of this kind of thing again. I shall be so angry that I shall ask you to leave my house and never more to enter it."

Mrs. Arnold fairly gasped with astonishment. This from Mr. Polwhele! This from the meek little man who had married her daughter!

She tried to express her indignation, but failing to find words, ran downstairs in a towering passion and burst into the room where sat the offender's wife.

"Your husband is a Bluebeard!" she gasped. "I am sure he is. He is a Bluebeard—a murderer! He has been married before and killed his wives. Their bodies are in that room."

A fit of hysterics terminated her ravings.

Mrs. Polwhele almost fainted. The picture her mother conjured up was quite too dreadful. When the mother came round she told her story, with the accompaniment of sighs and tears and much sniffing at a bottle of smelling-salts.

She was passing along the corridor near the locked-up room, she said, when Mr. Polwhele came up with an oath and told her that if he ever caught her there again he would turn her, neck and crop, into the road.

Mrs. Polwhele naturally was very indignant. Her indignation took a turn favorable to her curiosity.

"I'll know what's in that room to-day if he turns me out in the road," she said.

"He is going out this afternoon. I'll call in a locksmith and have the door opened."

Mr. Polwhele went out and Mrs. Polwhele sent for the locksmith. The man came and brought a bunch of skeleton keys.

The door was opened in a jiffy, and the three entered the room.

No carpet. Two large tables covered with pieces of pottery, baked clay and inscribed stone. Cases of curios everywhere. On the floor two oblong boxes, lidless and covered with heaps of dirty, yellowish cloth.

Mrs. Arnold removed one of the heaps and peered into the boxes.

She staggered back shrieking. In the box was the corpse of a woman.

The locksmith lifted up the other heap of cloth. Another corpse!

Mrs. Polwhele fell to the floor in a dead faint. Mrs. Arnold continued to shriek.

Mrs. Polwhele was too dazed to speak a word. She suffered her mother to haul her downstairs and into the road, where she stood terrified and trembling.

"Where is the nearest police station?" cried the mistress of the ceremonies. "Run and bring three or four policemen. They have a desperate criminal to deal with."

The girl ran off and speedily returned with three officers of the law. Mrs. Arnold had taken her daughter back into the hall.

"What all this?" enquired a quiet voice which issued from beneath a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. "What does this mean?"

"That's him!" screamed Mrs. Arnold. "That's the murderer. Arrest him!"

"What, Mr. Polwhele? Nonsense!" returned the sergeant.

"So I should think," said the gentleman spoken of. "Be good enough to inform me what this means."

"Two bodies have been found upstairs, sir," said the locksmith.

"Well, there are two bodies upstairs. They have been bodies something like 4,000 years, so I don't quite see how I could have made them bodies. They are mummies found by me near the great pyramid in Egypt."

Complete collapse of Bluebeard's mother-in-law. Exit police.

"The cloth in which the mummies were wrapped," exclaimed Mr. Polwhele to his wife shortly afterward, "is covered with inscriptions which I am transcribing. I thought you would be shocked if you saw the mummies without the bandages, so I kept the room locked up."—*Truth.*

Flossie's Fancies.

Flossie was spending a month in the country, and the second evening after her arrival she was taken out to see the milking.

"Will," she said, when a glass of warm milk was handed her, "that's the first time I ever saw a milk waggon with four legs."

Hens and eggs were objects of interest to her also, but she did not see a turkey until she had made the rounds of the hennery, and then she frightened up a great old gobbler in the melon patch. He made a rush for the fence and she fell over a watermelon.

"What's that, Flossie?" enquired her mother.

"I don't know," she said, as she brushed her dress, "but I guess it is the kind of hen that lays watermelons."

How a Blacksnake Conquers.

"You wouldn't believe me," said old Jacob Bloom, of Laurel Run, to a gang of woodmen the other day, "you wouldn't believe me if I'd tell you the blacksnake is boss among snakes in this country, but it's a fact. A blacksnake will whip any other kind of a snake you can trot out, and not half try."

Some of the boys laughed and said they didn't think a blacksnake would be in it with a rattlesnake at all. There was a large rattlesnake in the camp which the woodsmen kept in a box with a glass cover on it to amuse themselves with after working hours.

Jim Brewer, of this place, who happened to be there at the time and heard Mr. Bloom's observations, chipped in and said:

"I'll bet a blacksnake would not last long if you'd put him in the box with that rattler."

"Wouldn't he!" exclaimed Bloom. "Why, he'd choke the rattler to death before he knowed what happened to him, an' in order to convince you of the fact I'll go out an' capture a blacksnake and show you."

The subject was then dropped, and the boys forgot it, but about four o'clock in the afternoon the old man came in with a black snake a little over three feet long. The rattler was nearly two feet longer.

"Now," he says, "I'll show you how it is done."

And he put the black snake into the box with the rattler.

Both snakes seemed to be considerably agitated. The rattler shook his tail with an angry whizz, and stuck out his tongue in a menacing way, and the black snake squirmed around and made several feints with his tail. The rattler was angry, and coiled himself to strike, but before he was quite ready the black snake had taken a hitch around the rattler's neck with his tail and began to haul taut. The rattled writhed and squirmed and thumped himself around, but all to no purpose. The black snake kept his hold and drew tighter and tighter. Finally the contortions of the rattler ceased. He was dead. The black snake held on five minutes longer, then calmly folded his tail and curled himself up in a corner of the box.

"There!" said the old man triumphantly. "Hereafter when I tell you anything about snakes you can put it down as fact."

At the Seashore.

He—Heavens, sister! what are those great books? They're nearly till your trunk.

Sister—Why, Dun and Bradstreet blue books. One cannot guess the standing of people here, you know.

Our Dear Neighbors.

Chicagoan—The population of New York is Irish all through. Celt, Celt, Celt—nothing else.

New Yorker—And you Chicago people are Gallic all through. Gall, gall, gall.

What Ailed the Country.

One night at a little mountain town in Kentucky I was seated on the front porch of the tavern waiting for bed time to come along when a tall, strapping fellow lounged through the office and dropped into a chair beside me.

"Stranger in these parts?" he said inquiringly.

"A little somewhat so," I replied, glad of a chance to talk to somebody; "though I've been over a section of it in the last month."

"What do you think of it?"

"Well, it might be worse."

"Yes, I s'pose so, but I've studied up some and don't see exactly how."

"Oh, it isn't all bad," I said encouragingly.

"I reckon not," he replied in a half hearted way; "I never heard anybody say anything against the model character of our mountains; our crops would stand well in any community; the Cumberland river is clean and our cows are, as a rule, peaceable and well disposed."

The man's answer surprised me not a little. I had said nothing about native talk quite as he did and I was interested.

"Do you belong here?" I inquired.

"Yes; never lived anywhere else.

"What business are you in?

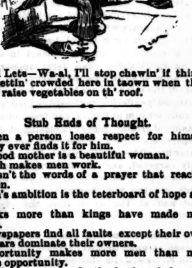
"I'm a school teacher."

"Oh, you teach the young idea how to shoot, do you?"

"Not much," he replied with emphasis; "it's born right in 'em and that's what ails the whole country."

Probably he knew what he was talking about.

Crowded.



Seed Lets—Wa-al, I'll stop chawin' if things ain't gettin' crowded here in town when they hafter raise vegetables on th' roof.

Stub Ends of Thought.

When a person loses respect for himself nobody ever finds it for him.

A good mother is a beautiful woman. Faith makes men work.

It isn't the words of a prayer that reaches Heaven.

Man's ambition is the teterboard of hope and fear.

Cooks more than kings have made men better.

Newspapers find all faults except their own.

Dollars dominate their owners.

Opportunity makes more men than men make opportunity.

The brain compounds the healing balm, the heart administers it.

Couldn't Stand It.

"John, why do you stand! out there in the sand?"

"The thermometer says it is ninety-six degrees in the shade, and that's too hot for me."

A Mean Advantage.

"Chatterton played a mean trick on his wife while she was at the seashore."

"How was that?"

"He taught the parrot to scream: 'You talk too much!'"

Authorized Canadian edition. Stevenson's new romance, The Wrecker, by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Stevenson's thrilling romance of the South Seas has been universally pronounced the most absorbing piece of fiction of the year, while appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. It is a story of daring adventure, of lost treasure, of shipwreck, of rescue and mutiny, worthy to rank with Kidnapped and Treasure Island. Toronto: The National Publishing Company.

A Close Shave.

The following anecdote comes to us from the navy yard at Mare Island, Cal. It is human nature for people, in a crisis, to imagine themselves as playing the most important role. This is well illustrated by an anecdote told by a naval officer of his first experience under fire during the Civil War. He was a midshipman at the time, just out of the academy, and his vessel was engaged in destroying a blockade-runner aground near the entrance of Mobile Bay. Suddenly the hammer-men woke into animation and returned the fire. A shot from a rifled gun on the beach came hissing through the air, passed over the Union vessel, and buried itself in the water just beyond. "I was stationed on the forecastle," said the narrator, "and I give you my word, I thought that shot was coming straight for my head, or, at any rate, was going to graze it. My first impulse (an uncontrollable one) was to dodge, which I promptly did; my next was to feel ashamed of myself and to glance carefully around to ascertain whether anyone had observed my discomfiture. A consoling sight met my eyes. The captain and first lieutenant, aft on the poop-deck, were just straightening into a more completely upright position, and I overheard the captain remark to his companion in a tone expressive of some relief: "By George! that was an awfully close shave, you know. The confounded thing must have passed just over our heads.' While I was trying to reconcile this statement with my own sensations I heard an Irishman, who occupied a position between the two points, in reference to the same missile: 'Begorry, b'yes, I cud have caught it in me hat!'"

Two Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on Tuesday, August 30, and September 27, 1892.

Where the pleasant air is fanned by breezy breeze
And the fields are rich with the golden grain;
Where the schooner ploughs through the prairie seas,
To its destined port on the western plain;
Where homes may never be sought in vain,
And hope is the theme of the husbandman;
Where man may ever his rights maintain,
And land is as free as the wind that blows.

For further particulars apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont.

All Used Up.

Dapper—Burrower startled me to-day by the announcement that there are over one hundred and forty thousand words in the dictionary. Do you believe it?

Snapper—There may have been yesterday, but there isn't now.

Dapper—What do you mean by that?

Snapper—Why, when I came from the lodge this a.m. my wife dipped them all out of the dictionary and fired them at me.

THE VALUE OF

AYER'S Sarsaparilla as a blood medicine is recognized in the fact that hundreds of so-called blood-purifiers are constantly appearing in the market. That these preparations are NOT so good as AYER'S is well-known to the profession. Ayer's is now and always has been the Superior Medicine for the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood. Its record of wonderful cures, during the past 50 years, is a guarantee that it cures others and will cure you.

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"My sister was afflicted with a severe case of scrofula. Our doctor recommended Ayer's Sarsaparilla as being the best blood-purifier within his experience. We gave her this medicine, and a complete cure was the result."—Wm. O. Jenkins, Deweese, Neb.

"I recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla to my customers in preference to any other. Physicians are using it in their practice."—G. H. Lovell, Druggist, 900 Main st., Dallas, Texas.

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Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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They are blind who will not try a box of

BEECHAM'S PILLS

for the disorders which grow out of Impaired Digestion. For a Weak Stomach, Constipation, Disordered Livers, Sick Headache, or any Bilious and Nervous ailments, they take the place of an entire medicine chest.

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

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For Spring and Summer.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Useless To Argue.

Member of Northern Society for the Investigation of the Negro's Condition—Would you like to be a slave again?

Uncle Tobias—Would I? Yo' bet yo' sweet heart 'r would boss.

His Questioner—Why?

Uncle Tobias—Jes' t' hesh dem Yankee bands whad come down hyar in 'sixty-one. Hit war d' fines' music I ebber heard played.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Dreamers' Paradises.

ASSUREDLY no dreamer wrote the words, "Where peace and harmony reigns the poorest hut becomes a paradise." Dreamers have lived in huts since the world began, but never even in their dreams have their huts became to them paradises, better than which they could imagine nothing. Rather have they upbuilded out of clear air and sunshine fantastic aerial castles—castles of indolence—in which they have revelled until, the dream eluding them, they waken to find that they are still merged in the cold, gloomy, barrenness of their earthly lot, from which they have escaped for so short a time at the cost of a mighty heart-ache.

When Addison dreamed his day dream, "A Vision of Mirza," and imagined before him a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas which ran among them: and every island a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants be assured he imagined for himself an island on which he could dream his dreams unmolested, for one, having become a dreamer, wishes for no more blissful state.

Edgar Allan Poe, that dreamer of strange dreams, has penned for us the following picture of a land, which even though its beauty surpasses our understanding, yet in it the inhabitant only realizes it a perfect paradise when four conditions are carried out. The first and chief is a purely physical one, free exercise in the open air. The second condition that he be beloved of a woman. The third that he be imbued with a contempt of ambition, and fourth that he love an object of unceasing pursuit.

"The whole Paradise of Arnheim," he writes, "bursts upon the view. There is a gust of entrancing melody; there is an oppressive sense of strange sweet odor; there is a dream-like intermingling to the eye of tall slender eastern trees, bosky shrubberies, flocks of golden and crimson birds, lily-fringed lakes, meadows of violets, tulips, poppies, hyacinths and tuberoses, long intertangled lines of silver streamlets, and uspringing confusedly from amid all, a mass of semi-Gothic, semi Saracenic architecture, sustaining itself, as if by miracle, in mid air; glittering in the red sunlight, with a hundred oriels, minarets and pinnacles; and seeming the phantom handiwork, confidently of the sylphs, of the fairies, of the genii, and of the gnomes."

If then a paradise be as difficult to attain, how can we account for the words, "Where peace and harmony reigns the poorest hut becomes a paradise." I can only think that they were the words of one who was enjoying a glimpse of god-given happiness, one who in the ruggedness of early manhood, loved and was beloved of a woman as pure and beautiful as the star-shaped Edelweiss.

HARRY A. BROWN.

Inferior Reading.

IN spite of all that has been written and said about the demoralizing influences of bad books, and the necessity for care and supervision in this matter where young people are concerned, it is extremely doubtful whether the sale of pernicious literature is not on the increase. Nor is it difficult to determine what is meant by evil literature. Any work calculated to obscure our moral vision, to lessen our power of discriminating between right and wrong, to diminish our appreciation of things good and pure, is evil and to be avoided. One cannot fail to observe the large number of cheap publications, of the dime novelette order, many of them containing suggestive illustrations, which are exposed for sale in shop windows of nearly every village, and certainly every town, and the great interest and relish these "penny horribles" possess for many youthful readers. The effect of this kind of reading are not only often brought into prominence through the annals of crime, but they are to be traced in the language and deportment of the juveniles who congregate in groups on almost every street corner, particularly so in their behavior towards a policeman. An incident illustrating this point came under my notice a few evenings since. A party of small boys engaged in throwing stones at the chestnut trees, to the discomfort if not danger of those passing by, were interrupted in their amusement by a constable who gave chase and captured one of them: having despoiled him of his chestnuts he boxed his ears and let him go. The chase was a matter of great interest to a group of older boys, and the policeman's success greatly chagrined them. "I wish de cop had fallen on de sidewalk and broke his ugly face," said one of the older ones, and this noble sentiment was warmly applauded. A false ideal of what is manly and good, implanted by this pernicious literature, unfits its readers for the cultivation and attainment of what is really worth striving after. The restraints of home become irksome, the loving sacrifices of the parents are not perceived, much less appreciated, and the opportunity of learning those lessons which are necessary to fit every boy for life's struggle is lost, a loss which has to be made good in the bitter school of experience. Ask one of these novel readers his idea of a hero or a great man: the odds are that he will answer "John L. Sullivan" or "Jesse James," or some other notorious character, whose moral influence is debasing, and whose existence is a menace to the best interests of the community.

Nor do our girls escape this mental pollution. Books come into their hands which they ought never to see, and from which they gather erroneous impressions of life, and of the laws which regulate society. The frequent use of the phrase "Truth is stranger than fiction," is a proof that the powers of observation and reasoning, the common sense, are so obscured, if not destroyed, by false ideas that people are surprised when any chain of events, happening around them, lead up to their natural and inevitable results.

DOUGLAS.

The Drama.

OF the many comic opera organizations on the road, the one that will present the Tar and Tartar at the Grand Opera House, Monday, August 29th, is the largest and most expensive, and judging from the list of names of the principal, the most meritorious. Annie Myers, a great Metropolitan favorite, who for the past two seasons was one of the New York Casino's brightest stars, will be seen in her original part in the opera. When the Tar and Tartar was originally produced at Palmer's Theatre, New York, Annie Myers came pretty nearly being the most important factor in the opera's success. Her singing of Away Down South in Dixie in the medley of national airs created a furore, and the clever prima donna soubrette was the talk of the metropolis. Matilde Cottrelly is also a member of the organization. Everybody knows, or at least should know this artiste. Her many years with the McCaull Opera Company gave her a reputation in her peculiar line, which is second to none. William Pruette, who for seven years was the baritone with the late Emma Abbott, is one of the Tar and Tartar principals. During the past summer Mr. Pruette created quite a sensation as Pippo in the Dixey-Mascot revival. The New York *Times* said William Pruette's Pippo constituted the redeeming feature of the performance and was like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Louise Royce, Emma Blanchard, Fred Frear, Charles Meyer, H. H. Ravencroft and Robert Watson are artists of the highest standing. Only one matinee will be given during the Tar and Tartar engagement.

*

Jacobs & Sparrows' Opera House will open for the regular fall and winter season on Monday night, August 22, with Mr. J. W. Summers in the comedy drama Jerry. The matinees at this opera house will be on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, the same as last season. Mr. Summers has been touring England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales for the past three years with this one play, and while abroad he not only made a great deal of money, but the London and Provincial press were unanimous in praise of him. The story of the play opens at Niagara Falls, on the estate of Col. Richard Leigh, a gentleman and a banker. The household consists of Mr. Leigh and Nana, whom everybody believes to be their daughter, and Rosie Rapid, the hired girl. Jack Ellsworth, Nana's Sweetheart and Harry Travers, the colonel's nephew, are also present. Jack is the successful suitor for Nana's hand, and Travers looks scowls, and try to bring about the proverbial slip between the cup and lip. Jerry, the tramp, appears on the scene and is treated with great kindness. Travers learns the secret of Nana's birth, but Travers hits upon the ingenious idea of separating Nana and Jack. Travers recognizes in Jerry, the tramp, the convict escaped from Sing Sing and bargained with him to play the part of father and claim Nana. Father, mother and daughter are easily imposed upon. Nana is restored to a log hut in the wilderness, where Jerry works for her. Travers threatens to denounce Jerry to Nana if she will not marry him, and in the scene which follows, Jerry discovers that she is really his daughter and resolves to sacrifice himself to save her from the fate which threatens her. Jerry is about to kill Travers when Nana intervenes. Col. and Mrs. Leigh, and Jack appears when Jerry is arrested, and Nana is taken back to Col. Leigh's. Travers next attempts to ruin the colonel in a gold mining speculation, when Jerry appears, not as a tramp, or as an escaped convict, but as the owner of the mine, whose brother, for whom he was unjustly suffering, confessed on his death bed and thus set him at liberty, and freed him from the taint of crime. Since the closing of Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House last spring, the theater has all been newly painted, redecorated, newly carpeted, and the stairways and landings have all been widened two feet and six inches, making the theater now one of the safest and at the same time the prettiest in Toronto.

*

The women who will charm us as Shakespearean heroines neither decrease nor increase. Minna K. Gale, Julia Marlowe, Hortense Rhea, Helena Modjeska, Margaret Mather, Marie Wainwright, Marie Prescott and Francesca Janauschek make up the brief list. The venerable and admirable Janauschek, discarding the conventional pedestal on which she poses to return to the tragic *roles* in which she won her best and earliest successes. She is an admirable and thrilling Medea, and she may choose, also, to play Lady Macbeth. Miss Mather's tour will be made under circumstances more harmonious than those which harassed her last trip. Otitis Skinner, who played leading *roles* in her support, and at the same time directed her business affairs, will not accompany her this year, having engaged as Modjeska's principal actor. She will play only one or two Shakespearean characters, retaining Joan of Arc, Esmeralda (The Egyptian), and Julia (The Hunchback) in her repertory. Her company is headed by Laurence Cautley, an English actor new to American audiences. He has been in Langtry's support has won a good name in Australia, and is a handsome young fellow, who will probably be liked here. His wife, Mildred Dennison, will also appear in the Mather support, and so will two other English players, Boyden Evelynne and Erskine Lewis, who have arrived in the country and reached Chicago, where the actress opened rehearsals on Wednesday. Modjeska's plans are for a tour of moderate duration and of what would be called comfortable extent, for she will mainly visit the larger cities, remaining in each several weeks. Her company will be practically new, but all the names thus far announced are those of good actors. Presumably we shall again occasionally see this charming actress as Rosalind. Shakespeare will be indeed lost to us when that graceful and delicate portrayal is no longer in view. Miss Gale and Miss Marlowe, who may be regarded as the best promise of our stage in the classic drama, will make no important changes in their companies or in their list of plays. The ambition which inspires these young women is an honest one, and they are fortified by public praise wherever they make known their art, but as yet the box office response to their appeal has not been such as to give either of them wealth. Nevertheless they continue to work patiently and earnestly, and perhaps their proper reward will not be much longer delayed. Miss Gale's prospects, it is thought by sage students of theatricals, will not be dimmed by her marriage. The old theory that a beautiful actress lost a part of her public value when she became a wife has been too often contradicted to obtain credence nowadays. Modjeska still fascinates, though she is a grandmother; and Mary Anderson would still be rapturously welcomed on our stage, though she came back to us as Mrs. De Navarro. So Miss Gale's admirers are not true to her if they neglect her because she will be Mrs. Haynes. Miss Marlowe still has the aspect of romance, along with her youth and her girlish demeanor, to make her a picturesque figure among our actresses. Mlle. Rhea will occasionally produce a Shakesperean play, but her tendency in late years has been in the direction of the emotional drama, with an occasional turn toward Sardou. Miss Wainwright will continue to play Amy Robsart, but there is hope for an occasional performance of Rosalind or of Viola from her. Rose Coghlan seems to be content with Dorothy's Dilemma, Lady Barton and other modern plays, while Fanny Davenport finds Sardou's garish picture of Cleopatra still strong enough with the public to warrant its retention as her only drama this season.

*

It is the fashion to relate memories of Charlotte Crampton of whom Macready said, "Were she a head taller she would startle the world." Here is what a Detroit playgoer recalls of her: I happened to be in Cincinnati in 1871. Barney Macauley, then fresh from Detroit, had established his stock company in Wood's Theater—Joe Whiting and Harry Barton, both of whom are now residents of Detroit, being members of the company. Lucille Western was playing East Lynne at Wood's, and Edwin Booth was at the National. I dropped in at Wood's one evening and found Charlotte Crampton in the small part of Mrs. Hare, a third-rate stage old woman, and I thought how are the mighty fallen!

The following night Edwin Booth played Macbeth, and I went over to see him. While talking to Meban, the prompter, I saw a lady dressed in a green velvet robe, with gold ornaments, walking up and down, evidently coming over her part to herself.

"Who is that," I asked, "dressed for Lady Macbeth!"

"What, don't you know? Why, it's Charlotte!"

"Charlotte?"

"Yes, Crampton."

Just then she turned and saw me.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, as she gave me both her hands, "I am so glad you are here. I am going to play Lady Macbeth to-night, and I am going to play it, understand, so I want you to see me! You have seen me play it with Edwin's father, with Forrest, Murdoch, with Macready, with Webb, Adams and others, and I want you to see me play it to-night."

So, when her scene was coming on, I went in front, remembering her in Mrs. Hare the night before, when she went on and off the stage and no one noticed her.

In a moment or two she came on with the letter! Was this the old woman I had seen the night before—the little old woman? She must have grown marvelously since, for now she is almost tall, and how proudly she carries herself! I had no time to think about it, for my musings were cut short by a great, prolonged burst of applause, which she gracefully acknowledged with a queenly air.

I sat the performance through. I need not describe it, but as I returned to the stage after the curtain fell Edwin Booth asked: "Have you been in front?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then you have seen the little woman? Wonderful! I have been of little use here tonight. She has taken it all away from me."

Then I sought her and offered my congratulations.

"I told you I should play it, didn't I?" she said. "But, ah, old friend, it's the last glimmer, the expiring snuff of the burnt out candle."

And so it was. She died a few years after, lonely, poor, wretched and forsaken, the wreck of the best all-round actress America ever produced. She "loved not wisely, but too well."

*

Everybody has heard Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay! sung. This is how Lottie Collins, now in London, who made the song famous, renders it. She appears on the stage the embodiment of demureness, and chants the first verse of the song in the most staid and decorous manner, like a school girl on her first appearance in public. But!—and here is where Manager John H. Russell's vivid descriptive powers are brought into action—the moment the verse is concluded, bang! goes the drum, the orchestra fiddle and toot like a set of madmen, and—"Whoosh!" the air is full of Collins' skirts and her feet go flying far above her head like the snapper of a whip, as she whirls, and gyrates, and springs, and sways, and bends, and kicks, and bounds, and bounces—the very embodiment of a mad Bacchante. She stops as suddenly as she began, and, what is wonderful, she doesn't seem to have turned a hair, so to speak, or even quickened a pulse. In place of a crazy whirlwind of femininity appears the demure miss who first came on the stage, and she chants the second verse with all the quaint effect of the first.

Aunt Phemie to Girls and Others.

DOWN in Willowvale, where I lived till all our folks died, I have quite a few friends, but there's none I think such a great lot of or would go so far to do anything for as Randy Winters' eldest daughter. Why, that girl and me just grew up together. We eat out of the same basket at school, passed all the books together, put on long skirts together, and I was bridesmaid to her wedding. Then, after I moved up to Toronto, either she'd write or run up to see me and always be asking me to come down to see her. But I couldn't but think how drearinome it would be for me to go back with all my kin lying in the churchyard and the old house pulled down to make place for the new railroad house they've been putting up. It was nigh twenty-five years since I'd been there, and while I was helping Cynthy Jane wash up the dishes, which I always do wash days, there came a quick ring to the door and I went out to have a boy hand me one of them yellow telegraphs. I could hardly see the writing for the mist that came over my eyes, but when it cleared away I made out that Minnie Winters was very sick and was asking for me to come to her.

Now you know how worrited an old woman gets when she has to do work or anything she ain't just accustomed to, and if it hadn't been for Cynthy Jane I'd have lost my head completely. So when the six o'clock train started for Willowvale I was on it with some clothes and a fresh cake and my poor head in a great whirl.

Minnie's second girl Susie was waiting for me at the station, and I could but notice she was all tricked out in a fine dress and a fancy hat if her ma *was* dying. We took the bus up to the house, and Miss Susie had a smile and a nod for this one and that, though to be sure I could get but little satisfaction out of her about her mother.

"When did she take bad?" says I to her. "Oh! after she got the breakfast—or—was it after she washed the dishes this morning? After washing the dishes I think." And she had even to interrupt this to smile at a young fellow dressed up like a fashion-plate. But I didn't say nothing. I just thought to myself, "So mother gets breakfast and washes dishes does she."

Well, I can't tell you the wreck poor Minnie had got to be. She lay on the bed with the covers all tossed, the hot sun beating in on her, not a drop of water to cool her mouth, and her pulse going very bad. When I come in to the room I just took it all in and I says, "Well!" Then she began to cry, and I made her tell me all about the trouble, how they couldn't keep a girl with four girls of their own to keep and clothe, how all the burden was on her shoulders, washing and sewing and baking besides all the little mean worritings that wear the heart out of a woman. And while she cried like an alling baby I straightened things up and patted her like I used to when things didn't go smooth 'twixt her and Hiram.

When I was well nigh through in comes the eldest girl, Maggie. She spoke very pretty to me, and was sure mother would get well now I was here. And turning round to her mother she wanted to know what they would do about the fish 'that was to be cooked for breakfast. I just marched direct up to her, and taking her by the arm walked out with her, and as stern as I could make my voice I says to her, "Where are are your other sisters?" "Down in the parlor," she says, kind of rebelling at my hold on her arm. But she took me down, for this was their new house and I couldn't find my way. "Now girls," says I, for I couldn't keep in any longer, "I'm not going to make any apoligies for what I am going to say. And it won't keep for a minute longer. Your ma was the dearest friend I ever had, and I'm not the one to let her die without doing my feeble best to save her." Here the two youngest set up a little whimper, while the other two looked at each other as if they'd like to order me out of my business, so I went on: "Your ma has been bearing the burden of your family a good many years doing for you when you was all too weak to do for yourselves. She kept all the hard things for herself and give you the soft easy ones. And now, when she's going down the shady side of life its your place to be to her what she was to you. I'm going to take your ma home with me to-morrow and keep her till she's more like her old self again. Oh, yes! you'll have all the work to plan and do, and it won't be as nice as having no bother except to fix up and look pretty, but it'll be a good education for you all." With that I kissed them all and went back to Minnie. When Hiram came home I took him into the front door yard and told him what I had done. He took hold of my two hands and his voice was all trembly as he says: "The Lord reward you, Phemie Black."

Well, I took Minnie home and Cynthy Jane and I coddled her between us, and she began to show some signs of looking better. For about three weeks we got nothing in the shape of mail from her folks but postcards from Hiram saying: "The girls are doing well," or "The girls are too busy to write and send their love." Then one day Minnie got a letter from Maggie and she showed me a little bit of it. This was it: "Mrs. Burnes called on me today, and after she had tried to talk and failed miserably, she said all in one breath that she could no longer withhold her consent to my engagement with Fred as I had proved myself something more than a brainless doll."

L. S. M.

To Our Subscribers.

Mrs. Jessie Fraser of Toronto is requested to communicate her address to this office to oblige an English correspondent.

Quite Probable.

Tonson—What is the motto of the city of Chicago?

Birchall—I am not sure, but I think it is: "It's a poor wind that blows nobody good."

Chances.

For Saturday Night.

Chances rule many things in the courses of our lives,
The love of our neighbors, sometimes of our wives,
Our luck at a horse race, our winnings at poker,
Our renown as a sage, our success as a joker.
By chance you encounter some exquisite maid,
In brightness, in beauty, in sweetness arrayed,
And also in garments for which, some fine day,
After marriage, you find that it breaks you to pay.
By chance she's attracted to be of your life,
The angel, the guardian, the helper in strife,
Who checks your bad ways, is of life's feast the honey,
Shares half of your woes and takes all of your money,
Or by chance she's induced, through the slightest of faults,
Say by crushing her toes while attempting to waltz,
To favor your rival. And then you're bereft
Of her love; or in ordinary words, you get left.
In short I've observed that in quaffing life's cup,
You never can bet on what's going to turn up.
I once knew a fellow to blithely depart,
Quite sure of encountering the girl of his heart,
With a sweet clinging kiss and a loving salute,
Whereas all he met was her fond parents look.
Of course there are times you can form an idea
Of what you've to hope, or of what you've to fear.
A life of clubs, smoking and brandy and soda
Will make you be held by the fair in ill odor.
If you chance to be wed and accept invitations
From men friends, or, worse still, indulge in flirtations
With ladies, when up to your chamber you climb,
You'll have what Americans call a "mean time."
You'll learn more about your bad points from your wife,
One such time than a bachelor knows all his life.
But chances like these are exceptions at best,
One never can tell till it's put to the test,
What chances or women (both uncertain things),
May do or may not do. Good fortunes bright wings
May fit by the wise man, or come to the fool.
For fortune's wild wheel turns by no certain rule.
You may lay ever, plan with all wisdom, and yet
The thing you wish most is the last thing you'll get.
In short, as I think I remarked once before,
You never can bet on what Fate has in store.
And if you go betting on fortune's frail smile,
The chances are strong that you'll soon lose your pile.

Picton. REGINALD GOURLAY.

An Old Home Song.

For Saturday Night.

The sun, fast fading, pearls the rain-dew'd branches,
Linking in radiance, though its veil be tears;
The storm clouds drift like sliding avalanches
Down northern slopes where darkness now appears,
Swooping in trailing draperies of black,
Leaving night monarch on her onward track.

The bay lies dark'ning into cloud-hued gleams,
But one frail shoulder stirs the sobbing wave;
Its faint light gilding like red trembling beams
From some rock-beacon, through the gloomy shade.
I hear the billows with incessant roar
Spending their anger on the lonely shore.

Upon the upland where I musing stand
In moaning murmurs breathes the evening breeze,
Telling of tempests brewing o'er the land.
A lone bird sings amid the sighing trees
A plaintive whisper, bidding earth good night;
Sings and is silent, sleeping with the light.

But through the gloom, like lights from heaven's arches,
Flashes a strain of song upon mine ears
In childish accents, carrying me in fancy
To bygone happier scenes and happier years.
A simple song of childhood, fair and free,
But fraught for me with tend'rest melody.

The earth grows radiant with that lullaby,
The clouds dispel and night gives place to day.
The sobbing winds, too, whisper, sink and die.
A new light falls upon the gloom-bound bay—
Home, love and childhood all come back to me
While list'ning to that evening litany.

The childish song is still, and through the night
Lashes the wind-tossed surf upon the shore;
The cloud-wrapt heavens stoop in treachery
Above the land now seen to sight no more.
The gloomy night, but yet to me again
Through all drifts out that happy old refrain.

A. L. MCNAB.

Unfathomed Glory of I Am.

For Saturday Night.

I wandered by the verge of historal and main,
And noted how the tide hove up their mark.
"Its strange," I mused, "the moon should have such power."
Enquiring gaze I turned upon yon shield of sheen
Which in our midnight medium of the sun.
Long looked I, fain to pierce the mystery I felt.
A hand was laid upon my arm;
I dragged my sight back from the glorious glint reluctantly,
To scan my interrupter's face.
Here was a man who'd surely grown in years;
Still there was a something young about his mien,
Robust in feature, though his locks were iron-gray;
His soul seemed scaring from his ether-eyes.
I could not but know it was his right to be revered
By such as I, frail worm of clay.
"The mystery of the moon thou'dst know!" he said;
His speaking thrilled the supernatural in me.
I bowed he had construed my thoughts aright.
"As to thine boyhood's home thy fancy oftimes turns,
So is thine near curiosity," he smiled.
"From satellite to center thou hast come
Through myriad myriad ages, son of earth,
But still thy course doth make advance.
Thy being never had a first;
It never ever shall have an end.
Awhile thou dost lie dormant, in the body but,
As thou passest on from star to star,
Bent toward the glorious central;
A worm emerge t'ff in chrysalis, unfolding finer form,
So dost thou fairer each change grow
If virtue be thy tendency—
Ethereal more etherealized.
Because of pain that's past the Greatest hath ordained
Remembrance shall not follow to as human sphere.
Human ken, though aided much by powerful artifice,
Penetrateth not one hair's breadth into space
Whence comest thou; thence goest thou.
From satellite to planet, from planet on to sun,
From sun to sun, and still from sun to sun, until,
Made glorious above the grandeur of the orb thou canst not see,
Thou'll join the Greatest Great and His almighty host of stories.
Then may eternal memory revive,
To demonstrate how insignificant the thorns once pain'd us."
He ceased to speak; I raised my head;
My noble souled-reveiler had gone on.

JOHN A. COPLAND.

Peccavi.

For Saturday Night.

Have mercy, O, God! my burden
Is greater than I can bear,
It presses on flesh and spirit
With its weight of pain and care;
My feet are faltering surely,
And the end is so far, so far;
Will I hear then "too late," or will I
Still find Thy gates ajar!

Will patience and faith and meekness,
Accepts a gain all loss,
Win pardon and peace, O, Father!
And lighten my heavy cross?
O, may I, when life is ended
And the burden of sin laid down,
Know the "joy that is born of sorrow,"
May my cross become a crown.

LA FONTAINE.

Between You and Me.

IN contrast to the general hospitality and *bonhommie* which pervaded Dublin, while I was there, was one instance where the gates of a house were determinedly closed against me, though I very ardently and curiously desired to enter. The gates were those of Grange-Gorman Female Prison, and apart from my usual curiosity, I had a special sort of morbid interest in Grange-Gorman, because there is incarcerated the odious Mrs. Montague, and there was also a small boy Montague of very tender age indeed, who had, like little Dorrit, a prison for a birthplace. I wanted to see them both, but one can't get inside any jails in Dublin, unless one earns admission by some fracture of the law or political aberration. "What in the world do you want to see an Irish jail for?" asked a certain colonel, laughing. "I'm sure you would not like it, and at all events, though I am a governor and this lady is the superintendent, we have no power to take you through that door." He advised me to go to the castle and obtain a pass, but the castle was more determined than the governor, and instantly refused, as there has been a good deal of trouble lately with the prisoners and their visitors. So I only saw a part of Grange-Gorman, a spotless board-room, a dim hall, and a very refined and lady-like superintendent in a very stylish morning gown and bonnet.

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Kilmainham was likewise out of the question, and the members of the upper circles in Dublin thought I was decidedly peculiar in caring to go over such places. Hospitals they have in numbers, but no one, general central refuge for the sick and maimed. The red quilts on the baby invalids' beds, embroidered in white wreaths and mottoes, were quite bright and pretty, and some of the rooms in the Adelaide Hospital are gorgeous in painted friezes of pomegranate and wisteria, which are the work of an Art Guild in the city. From Hospitals to coffins seems a suggestive step. There is a little street down in the lower part of Dublin where they make nothing but coffins, big and little, poor and costly, plain and bedizened, you jostle against them, protruding from the windows, the small boys and girls play hide-and-seek in them, use them for sleeping bunks, lunch counters and dolls houses. Hundreds of coffins! I went on a bargain expedition into this street one day to find out what they cost. A plain, pitiful box of deal, with warped lid and misfitting corners, surely the most sordid resting place of a pauper baby, would cost me four-and-six. "But you'd afford a thrifle of an ornament for the creature, shure, a bit of a cross on the lid would be had for ninepence," said the young carpenter, in his most persuasive tones, holding up a dreadful tin cross. "Where will I send the box?" I demurred at the price and said I'd look further on, and when I saw my girl friends giggling, as we walked away, I felt quite indignant at them, for the street of coffins had made me feel as serious as a sermon.

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Another place delightfully interesting to feminines is Mr. Atkinson's poplin warehouse. How shall one describe Irish poplin with the richness of silk, the sheen of velvet, the durability of linen, and the regal beauty of brocade! And so cheap, so cheap! only $1 75, for dream-like shades of every dainty tint, and in generous width like lawn or cotton! A queenly white, brocaded with tiny bunches of maiden hair fern in gold threads, could anything be more elegant and dainty! A pale green, with the tri-plume crest of Wales in myrtle, so real and so light that one can almost lift the feathers off their faint-tinted background; white feathers on mauve, navy feathers on pale blue—all beautiful and rich alike. Upstairs, in the looms, are lustrous black poplins, growing under your eyes; pure silk, and likely to last forever; exquisite creams, brocaded with pansies, rosebuds, violets, bunches of grass and clover; poplins, light and dark. For every hour of the day and night one can select a rich and regal robe! At one loom sits an old, old man, white-haired, bearded, absorbed in his work, which is a brocade of intricate and popular pattern. He does not look at us nor heed our words of admiration, as the length of rich goods is turned right side up to our gaze. *For sixty years* has the man sat at his work, day after day, never wearying, never ill, never ceasing the deft movement of foot and hand. My head swam as I thought of these decades of ceaseless work. He wove Queen Victoria's reception dress, when this century was young, and the chubby faced queen was a timid maiden, fancy free! He wove robes for princesses and empresses and duchesses who have gone from the halls of fashion long, long ago! And should you go in and ask the politest man in Dublin to take you upstairs to the looms, you would see him weaving there this day, absorbed, unheeding, at eighty years of age—a living, breathing machine!

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From good dressing to good beer, doesn't take long on the tram, and you come trundling before a vast building, with many neat windows, dark archways and rather a good malty smell. The largest brewery in the world—"Guinnesses," where a mile of ground and hundreds of men are needed for the manufacture of "single, double and triple X." It took a morning to roam through the large buildings, past the seething vats, the bright copper boilers, the cooling ether tubes, the dim myriad-pillared malt rooms, where barefooted men tramp about and turn and rake the bursting grain; down into the cellars, where royal porter, four years in the tun, is drawn for us, and which we pronounce horrid, rather inclining to the taste of stale water and rusty nails. Out upon the platform where the casks are filled by immense hose and tubes, down to the quay where the casks are loaded on barges, back to the tasting room where single and double and triple stand in their appropriately painted kegs, and where a neat boy in a velvet jacket gives us our chosen tap. I am unseasoned enough to enjoy the single stout, nor yearn for the creamy essence of rusty nails.

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Lots of men get hurt. A good many get killed every week at Guinnesses. We came across quite a small excitement (for me) one evening as we rode through the "Coombe," Dublin's "St. John's Ward," and it seemed to haunt me, whenever I thought of Guinnesses. A perturbed workman stopped my escort with a plea for "just a moment." Presently the escort returned and hustled me home rather quickly, and returned to the brewery. It appears that several men had protested against being sent down into one of the vast emptied tuns to wash it, on the grounds that it was dangerous. The foreman who had ordered them to go down being absent, the workman, or rather watchman, who had accosted us had begged my escort, who is an authority in the concern, to interfere and forbid the men to go down. "I'll come back and test the vat myself," said the gentleman, which he did, and came home rather furious, having found it so foul through lack of the proper ventilation that not one of the six men would have reached the bottom alive. Of course the matter was reported and the foreman discharged, but not before he had confessed that he did not test the vat because he had not a proper candle handy!

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Talking of the Coombe, 'tis there you see the city Irish in all their glory. The swarms of children up to every quaint and impish fun and devilment. The slattern girls with bare feet. The undersized unutterable men with uncouth forms and large toned brogue. The strident-voiced women bandying sacred words in their confabs, nose to nose, shawls on head, and door-key on finger, shrieking at their children with hideous threats of impossible punishment, "flaying" and "roasting" being favorite styles of correction, and all of them, men, women and children, joining in an astonished quell of "Oh Lard! look at that now," as the pair of us went wheeling bravely through the twilight of their cobblestone streets.

LADY GAY.

Individualities.

Mrs. Edison is said to prefer the light of ordinary candles to that of the finest incandescent lights.

Professor Angeli of Vienna has been "commanded" by Queen Victoria to paint for her a portrait of King Charles of Roumania.

Not only is the Duke Karl Theodor of Bavaria an able ophthalmic physician, but his wife has pursued the same studies and is of great assistance to her husband in his large practice.

Colonel F. L. Rives, the chief engineer of the Nicaragua Canal, and father of Mrs. Amelie Rives-Chanler, is on a visit to his home in Albemarle county, Va. Mrs. Chanler is also there.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis and her daughter Winnie, the "Daughter of the Confederacy," have gone to West Point, and are staying at a hotel that already contains among its guests the widow of General Grant.

Longfellow's birthplace in Portland has been bought by John Musgrave, who is remodeling the house. This gives relic hunters a glorious chance, one of them recently carrying off a whole mantelpiece for his pains.

Copyright has expired in England on eight of Charles Dickens' books—the Pickwick Papers, Dombey & Son, Martin Chuzzlewit, Barnaby Rudge, Nicholas Nickleby, Sketches by Boz, The Old Curiosity Shop and Oliver Twist.

Charles Theodore, the son of the King of Abyssinia, was arraigned in a London police court for threatening a betting man with whom he had a quarrel. Not being able to secure bondsmen for his good behavior, he was sent to prison for three months.

Count Herbert Bismarck in a recent interview declared that his father was confident that if the Kaiser were not surrounded by persons whose business in life is to keep the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck apart, there would have been a reconciliation long ago.

The Emperor of Austria has honored with a special medal Madame Rose Holub, who shared the dangerous experiences of her husband's expedition to Central Africa. Her bravery and efficiency were conspicuous during the sufferings of the party in their eight months' flight from savages.

Nearly every woman read in her childhood the pretty stories of A.L.O.E. (A Lady of England). The author's real name is Miss Sarah Tucker, and now the report comes from India that she is seriously ill. She went to that country as a missionary when she was over fifty years of age.

The influence of Queen Christina of Spain is constantly exercised against the national pastime of bull fighting, but her example of absenting herself from the royal box at the arena has as yet had but little effect. Every Sunday at least sixteen thousand people witness the bull-fighting in Madrid.

Camille Saint-Saens, who, with Gounod and Massenet, ranks first among living French musicians, has accepted the invitation of the World's Fair directors to come to Chicago next summer. He will conduct programmes of his own compositions, and will appear as organist and at chamber concerts.

Mrs. Annie Wilson Paterson and the Princess of Wales are the only women Doctors of Music in the United Kingdom, and they received their degrees from Dublin University. Mrs. Paterson is a musical composer and conductor. Her husband dabs in poetry and prose, is conductor of the Dublin Choral Union, and also a musical composer.

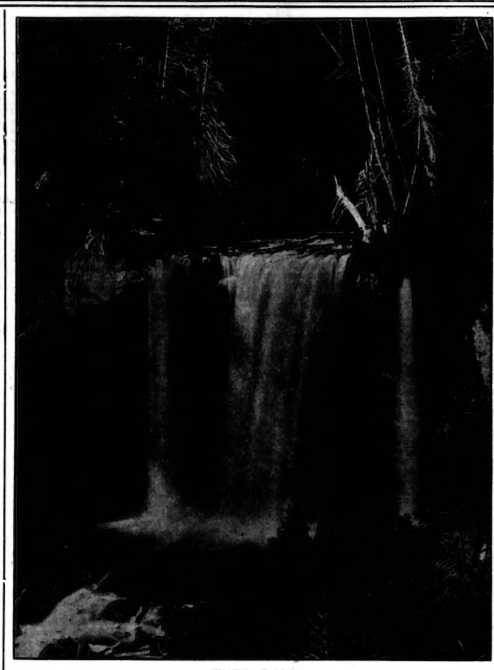
A foreign contemporary revives a characteristic anecdote of Rossini. On the death of Meyerbeer his nephew, Jacques Beer, composed a funeral march in his honor. In a moment of weakness he asked Rossini what he thought of it. "Not bad," replied the maestro, "but it would be better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the march."

It is but natural that the many friends of Miss Amelia B. Edwards should feel a degree of chagrin in her behalf at the official announcement that the pension granted her was "in recognition of her services to literature and archæology, and in consideration of her inadequate means of support." Miss Edwards never made a plea of poverty, nor was she aware of its having been made for her.

The Duchesse D'Uzes, whose belief in General Boulanger cost her $600,000, is one of the most practically charitable women in Paris. Not only does she give to the poor, but she tends to the sick. Twice a week she dons the dress of a trained nurse, and in company with other noble-minded Parisiennes—all widows—goes to the Hospital of the Calvary, where she bathes and binds the wounds of the cancerous patients.

An English paper of social authority denies the report of the engagement of the Duke of York, son of the Prince of Wales and heir presumptive to the British throne, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The paper further states that the betrothal of the Duke to the Princess May, daughter of the Duke of Teck, who was betrothed to the Duke of Clarence and Avondale at the time of the latter's death, will be officially announced soon.

There lives in Oak Hill, Texas, a blind girl who has from a few acres of land, cultivated by herself, cleared about $200 each season for several years by the growing and sale of vegetables. She began with no capital and an unfenced piece of uncultivated land. There is now a neat fence about her domain, a well and pump in the center, and she has, in addition to purchasing these, paid for a piano, and a hack to take her vegetables to the market, which is twenty miles from her home. Every evening during the dry season she waters a certain number of plants until she has gone over the entire piece, when she begins again and goes over in the same way. Insect life she detects from her acute sense of hearing, and grass and weeds are easily distinguished from plants by the sensitive finger of the blind gardener.



EUGENIA FALLS.

For Saturday Night.

Where the crystal waters of the Beaver
Sing along the upper lands of Grey,
Every luring lage is a deceiver,
Wooing, winning, witching her away.

In her shady shallows, cool and winsome,
Water lilies glisten, pure and pale,
'Neath her fringe of willows, lithe and handsome,
Many a silver troutlet whiffs a tail.

Onward, ever flouting Nature's forces;
Tossing out her freshness to the hills;
Kissing, as they join her in their courses,
All the new-born, tiny baby rills;

Giving of her fragrance to the sunbeams,
As unto a lover fair and true;
Reaching misty colors to the moonbeams,
Where they paint the primal, pearley dew

Blessing, like a heart-warm, gentle mother,
Every tender one within her reach;
Singing, like the fairies to each other,
In the same sweet, holy, rhythmal speech;

Bright'ning all the shore-way as she passes;
Laughing to the music of the breeze;
Spraying all the perfum'd flowers and grasses
Pulsing measured treasure to the trees;

Onward, in her renovating mission,
Unto light, and air, and rock, and sward—
In her giving, loving life-fruition—
As a benediction of the Lord.

But Eugenia's rock-ways, cleft asunder—
Broken, shatter'd, scatter'd near and far—
By some ruthless demon of the thunder,
Fain would all her exquisiteness mar.

O, the perfect unity of Nature,
Whether ray, or spray, or sparrow fall!
Light, and air, and dew, and cloud, and creature—
Each is faithful helper unto all;

Full of gleeful gladness rippling onward,
From the mirror't beauty lobe to part,
Beating to the waiting valleys, downward,
Pictures of the hill-ways in her heart.

Lo! the river finds her stone-bed vanish
Like a "floor of fate" from underneath,
As when some grim, feudal lord did banish
Foemen from his moat-walk unto death.

Then the air, with countless pillows, near her,
Cushions all the dangers in her flight,
While the sunbeams kiss, caress and cheer her,
Gemming all her prisms with their light.

All the night fair Luna's rays console her,
Chasing shadows through her chrystal tears,
While the magic zephyrs so control her
By their music, she forgets her fears,

And the rock, his rudeness quite repenting,
Lifts a foam zimm'd basin to his breast,
Where the rescomed waters may, pointing,
Close behind his heart, a moment rest;

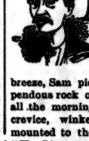
Then adown the glen they dash in glory,
Foaming, to the harbor far away.

When the lake-waves chant the lake's story,
One's the crystal anthem glean'd in Grey.

The Elms, Toronto. LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

Eugenia Falls are on the Beaver River in Grey County, Ontario, about six miles from Flesherton, on the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway. The water rolls over a stone precipice of sixty feet and then runs tossing between huge boulders, which seem at some remote day to have become dislodged from the massive walls between which the waters run. A short way down the river from the place where the group of tourists stand in the picture, to the right may be seen a conical shaped mountain of stone and reddish clay totalling in height (if one may trust his memory), over one hundred and twenty-five feet from the bed of the river to the summit. This pile would form a great picture in itself. To the left a fine piece of native bush fringes the edge of the chasm, and evergreen and ash trees hang over as though enjoying the excitement of the downward look, and from beneath taller members of the same tribes of trees try in vain to peep up over the edge. Here, too, exists an old wooden stairway by means of which tourists may descend to the foot of the falls and enjoy the spray. Speckled trout once existed in abundance between the falls and the Forks, the confluence of the Beaver and the Black rivers, and even yet there is capital fishing, quite as good as anyone can wish for who intends to be law-abiding and observe the Provincial statute, which limits the day's catch of one man to thirty speckled trout. Within rambling distance of the falls are Latimer's Caves—so they were called a dozen years ago when the writer explored them—and anyone who visits the locality without seeing them misses a fine opportunity for speculating whether the fissures and rooms are the result of an earthquake or in part the work of man. Were Eugenia Falls located within a few miles of some lake port, so that tourists would happen upon them more frequently, they would soon become the craze. As it is, much surprise has been expressed by those who happened upon them unexpectedly, as did Mr. Morrison, whose poem accompanies the picture, that a summer hotel has not been built beside the falls and the place boomed. The picture given is from a photograph by Mrs. W. Bulmer of Flesherton.—[EDITOR.

Sail and Paddle.



IT was one of those uncertain gales what spring into existence round the corner of some Island and come rollocking down the bays and channels with that surprising velocity known only to Muskoka's fitful winds that verily blow where they listeth.

At the first hint of a breeze, Sam picked himself up from the stupendous rock on which he had been lounging all the morning, stuck his fishing rod into a crevice, winked at the indolent line, and mounted to the highest point of the island. "Yea," he remarked laconically, after a three minutes survey of the sou'-west, "it's a bully breeze, and you bet your life I won't paddle back to camp when I can sail."

"Can you sail?" I queried.

"Well, you needn't insult a fellow; do I look like a duck who couldn't sail?"

I apologized. If there is anything in life a man hates it is to have his knowledge of sailing questioned; rather than leave himself open to such doubt he will load his craft up with precious lives and risk his own by blundering out into the bay or lake, shilly shallying about making a muff of himself, and scaring the wits out of the party on board.

Sam was quite pouty at my remark, and in most cutting silence, ran out the canoe, tossed our three lonely-looking bags into the stern and told me to "hurrah now." I tucked myself and the lunch basket amidships, grovelled about among carpets, cushions, fishing tackle and Sam's boots for the mast, adjusted it in the little bow deck, and told Sam to "Now then."

Sam slouched aft, his back bent like a rainbow and braced against the deck, his knees flopping in boneless indolence over the stern thwart, his feet wandering about somewhere in the locality of my head. Very few strokes of his broad and powerful paddle brought us out of the lee shore of the small fishing island, and a brisk wind caught us broadside. "Jolly lucky we hadn't the canvas up," said Sam, "see now if you can run her up without getting into a muddle, and give me the sheet first." "You can't hold the sheet, and steer, too," I remonstrated, for I love to have the sheet in my own hands, but Sam was going to show me what he could do, so I hauled up the tiny lugsail: the wind caught us free and our little Peterboro' shot forward with a violence that almost pulled Sam upright. Oh! the deliciousness of a sail on a hot August day, to lie back in utter sloth, and with half closed eyes watch the canvas fill overhead, while your taut little canoe clean cuts the water, its bow lined with bubbling foam, the cooling swish of water beneath the gunwales that parts to the aggressive little keel, then leaves a long line of braided ripples in the rear, to listen to the idle flap-flap of the sail when the breeze grows coquettish, and scurries off with sweet laughter to explore a neighboring channel—always a little trick of those northern winds. Then to feel the craft pull out beneath you when the errant gale returns to catch the canvas and toss your capless hair into your eyes, which perforce are shut tight for a moment, while the mast strains and the jibing boom cracks, and you blow and drift, and fly along in the chrysalis body of this snowy butterfly.

She pulled stronger and stronger every minute, with bodies hanging half out over the windward gunwale. Sam and I began to "hang on" with considerable interest. The gale blew steady now and a sea was getting up that threatened, if not actual danger, at least some plucky work to ride. Faster and faster we flew, our bow splitting every wave it caught square, and sending a pint or two of water over the deck.

"Rip snorter, eh?" said Sam.

I answered that it was pretty stiff, and didn't he think we ought to put in some where, to which he replied by saking if I was "scared." Not I; I had been in worse things than a Muskoka gale in a canoe. The remembrance of a strange rapid I had run three years previously while on a holiday cruise, loomed up before me with graphic distinctness. I was steering my own canoe, the bow paddle being a young islander quite unaccustomed to lake or river. One canoe piloted the party, and I came second, followed by two more. We entered the rapid some thirty feet behind the pilot, after I had tossed off my tam, grasped my paddle more firmly, said my prayers, and told the bow to sit still and clutch the boat like grim death. The river was choked up with a narrow, boiling, boulder-fretted stream, squeezed into a granite gorge that frowned down on our fragile craft with beetling brows and hungry jaw-like shores. There was not a sign of a landing for a mile and a half, and to be split in such a place meant nothing short of a terrible flood-swept dash on rocks that no weak human fingers could grasp, and very little chance for life. The stream was scarcely deep enough to drown one, but no one could hope to stand upright in that seething, though shallow torrent.

For an instant our brave little canoe seemed to halt on the crest of the first whirl, then down it plunged, scattering spray on both sides of the bow paddle, and in fact giving him a liberal sprinkle as well. A few feet ahead of us a huge bulky rock stood sullenly amid stream, the main body of water heading straight as a die for it then splitting against its invincible front and scampering away into shallow eddies of two minor forks. Before I could wink an eyelid the pilot had swirled round the giant obstruction, dodged into a fork, and was lost to sight. I bent every force in may body, every muscle in my frame to play on my paddle handle. The bow swung barely a foot off the boulder, and the gunwale amidships almost grazed it, no time even to get out of breath. There before us was a mass of little rocks about as large as a bushel basket, and in their midst the pilot winding and twisting about like a serpent in a rush of yellowish water that occasionally splintered into spray at some unusually sharp angle. Aft, we could hear the shouts of the coming canoeists, forward, the pilot's laughter and the mad chase of the little river between its granite shores above the blue of a northern sky, below a bed of unyielding rock, fretted with stones and ragged shelves, washed in about two feet of this swiftest water in all our inland rivers. Once when the gorge swung suddenly to the left, almost at a right angle, I thought we were dashed with full force on shore, in the nick of time I got the bow round and headed off down stream, but it was the narrowest escape I ever had of having a canoe crushed to slivers under me, and I am very certain my muscles never put into a stroke so much of what Sam calls "beef." When we had reached the great still pool at the foot of that rapid I just laid my faithful old paddle across knees and heaved a sigh that was brim full of glory—or relief.

Yes, that was a good deal more exciting than the sail with Sam, although things were beginning to look serious, and Sam was one of them.

"Suppose you haul her in," I suggested.

"Suppose you try and talk sense," growled Sam. "How can you haul in now? The only way is to keep straight ahead, if we have to run to Port Carling."

I suspected from this remark that Sam was not such a Jack Tar as he tried to make out, but I held my peace and we flew on, until the white canvas of our camp potted their mushroomy heads up over the islands, and with some magical tacking, and the displayal of extremely pretty sail management, Sam headed for home. As we crept gradually under the bold lee shore of the bay our pace lessened, lessened, lessened, the sheet slackened, the sail loosened, the canoe slid like a spray showered, oily thing through the choppy little waves. The islands, fir crested, moss carpeted, rock girdled, slipped slowly, lazily by, and the merest ripple of waters laughed along the keel. The laughter grew to a murmur, then a whisper; the sail flapped, drooped, hung idly overhead, a slight grating of sand and gravel, a scarcely perceptable beaching of the bow, then the rocking of a stern afloat, and Sam's eyes sparkle into mine as he says: "Perhaps I can't sail!"

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

In the Days of the Mutiny:

A Military Novel.

BY G. A. HENTY,

Author of "The Curse of Carne's Hold," "A Hidden Foe," &c.

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CHAPTER XXI.

While Bathurst was busying himself completing his preparations for the attempt, Rabda came in with her father.

"My lord," she said, "I tremble at the thought of your venturing your life. My life is of no importance, and it belongs to you. What I would propose is this. My father will go to Bithoor, and will obtain an order from Nana's officers for a lady of the Zenana to visit the prisoners. I will go in veiled, as I was on the day I went there. I will change garments with the lady, and she can come out veiled and meet you outside."

"I would not dream of such a thing, Rabda. You would be killed to a certainty when they discovered the trick. Even if I would consent to the sacrifice, Miss Hannay would not do so. I am deeply grateful to you for proposing it, but it is impossible. You will see that with the aid of your father I shall succeed."

"I told her that, when I gave your answer, Sahib," Rujub said, "but she insisted on making the offer."

It was arranged that they were to start at nine o'clock, as it was safer to make the attempt before everything became quiet. Before starting Rabda was again placed in a trance. In reply to her father's questions, she said that Mary Hunter was dead, and that Isobel was lying down. She was told to tell her that in an hour she was to be at the window next to the door.

Rujub had found that the men inside the prison were those who had been employed as warders at the gaol before the troubles began, and he had procured for Bathurst a dress similar to that which they wore, which was a sort of uniform. He had offered if the attempt was successful, to conceal Isobel in his house until the troops reached Cawnpore, but Bathurst preferred to take her down the country, upon the ground that every house might be searched, and that possibly before the British entered the town, there might be a general sack of the place by the rebels, and even if this did not take place there might be desperate house-to-house fighting when the troops arrived. Rujub acknowledged the danger, and said that he and his daughter would accompany them on their way down country, as it would greatly lessen their risk if two of the party were really natives. Bathurst gratefully accepted the offer, as it would make the journey far more tolerable for Isobel if she had Rabda with her.

She was to wait a short distance from the prison while Bathurst made the attempt, and was left in a clump of bushes two or three hundred yards away from the prison. Rujub accompanied Bathurst. They went along quietly until within fifty yards of the sentry in the rear of the house, and then stopped. The man was walking briskly up and down. Rujub stretched out his arm in front of him with the fingers extended. Bathurst, who had taken his place behind him, saw his muscles stiffen, while there is a tremulous motion of his fingers. In a minute or two the sentry's walk became slower. In a little time it ceased altogether, and he leaned against the wall as if drowsy; then he slid down in a sitting position, his musket falling to the ground.

"You can come along now," Rujub said; "he is fast asleep and there is no fear of his waking. He will sleep till I bid him wake."

They at once moved forward to the wall of the house. Bathurst threw up a knotted rope on a grapnel, which had been made and had been wrapt to prevent noise, was attached. After three or four attempts it caught on the parapet. Bathurst at once climbed up. As soon as he had gained the flat terrace, Rujub followed him; they then pulled up the rope, to the lower end of which a rope ladder was attached, and fastened this securely; then they went to the inner side of the terrace and looked down at the courtyard. Two men were standing at one end of the gravel path down the prison room, apparently looking in, six others were seated round a fire in the center of the the court.

Bathurst was about to turn away when Rujub touched him and pointed to the two men at the window, and then stretched out his arms towards them, presently they turned and left the window, and in a leisurely way walked across the court and entered a room where a light was burning close to the gate. For two or three minutes Rujub stood in the same position, then his arms dropped.

"They have gone to the guard room to sleep," he said, "there are two less to trouble you.

Then he turned towards the group of men by the fire and fixed his gaze upon them. In a short time one of them wrapped himself in his cloth and lay down. In five minutes two others had followed his example. Another two minutes passed and then Rujub turned to Bathurst and said, "I cannot affect the other three; we cannot influence them."

"That will do, Rujub; it is my turn now."

After a short search they found stairs leading down from the terrace, and after passing through some empty rooms reached a door leading into the court-yard.

"Do you stay, Rujub," Bathurst said. "They will take me for one of the guard. If I succeed without noise, I shall come this way; if not, I will go out through the gate, and you had best go by the way I came in."

The door was standing open and Bathurst, grasping a heavy tulwar, went out into the court-yard. Keeping close to the house, he sauntered along until he reached the grated windows of the prison room. Three lamps were burning with in, to enable the guard outside to watch the prisoners. He passed the two first windows; at the third a figure was standing. She shrank back as Bathurst stood before it.

"It is I, Miss Hannay—Bathurst. Danger threatens you and you must escape at once. Rabda is waiting for you outside. Please go to the door and stand there until I open it. I have no doubt that I shall succeed, but if anything should go wrong, go and lie down again at once."

Without waiting for an answer he moved towards the fire.

"Is that you, Ahmed?" one of the warders said. "We all seem sleepy this evening. There is something in the air; I felt half inclined to go off myself."

"It is very hot to-night," Bathurst replied.

There was something in his voice unfamiliar to the man, and with an exclamation "Who is it?" he sprang to his feet, but Bathurst was now but three paces away, and with a bound was upon him, bringing the tulwar down with such force upon his head that the cloth did little less without a groan. The other two leapt up with shouts of "treachery," but Bathurst was upon them and, aided by the surprise, cut both down after a sharp fight of half-a minute. Then he ran to the prison door, turned the key in the lock and opened it.

"Come," he exclaimed, "there is no time to be lost, the guards outside have taken the alarm," for by this time there was a furious knocking at the gate. "Wrap yourself up in this native robe."

"But the others, Mr. Bathurst, can't you save them too?"

"Impossible," he said. "Even if they got out they would be overtaken and killed at once. Come!" And taking her hand, he led her to the gate.

"Stand back here so that the gate will open on you," he said.

Then he undid the bar, shouting, "Treachery, the prisoners are escaping."

As he undid the last bolt the gate opened and the soldiers rushed in, firing at random as they did so. Bathurst had stepped behind the gate as it opened, and as the soldiers ran up the yard he took Isobel's hand, and, passing through the gate, ran with her round the building until he reached the spot where Rabda was awaiting them. Half a minute later her father joined them.

"Let us go at once; there is no time for talking," he said. "We must be cautious; the firing will wake the whole quarter," for by this time loud shouts were being raised, and men hearing the uproar, fired were running towards the gate. Taking advantage of the shelter of the shrubbery as much as they could they hurried on until they issued into the open country.

"Do you feel strong enough to walk far?" Bathurst asked, speaking for the first time since they left the gate.

"I think so," she said. "I am not quite sure whether I am awake or dreaming."

"You are awake, Miss Hannay; you are safe out of that terrible prison."

"I am not sure." the girl said, speaking slowly; "I have been strange since I went there. I have seemed to hear voices speaking to me, though no one was there, and no one else heard them; and I am not sure whether all this is not fancy now."

"It is reality, Miss Hannay. Take my hand and you will see that is solid. The voices you heard were similar to those I heard at Deenugghur; they were messages I sent you by means of Rujub and his daughter."

"I did think of what you told me and about the juggler, but it seemed so strange. I thought that my brain was turning with trouble; it was bad enough at Deenugghur, but nothing to what it has been since that dreadful day at Bithoor. There did not seem much hope at Deenugghur. But somehow we all kept up, and desperate as it seemed, I don't think we ever quite despaired. You see, we all knew each other; besides no one could give way while the men were fighting and working so hard for us, but at Cawnpore there seemed no hope. There was not one women there but had lost her husband or father. Most of them were indifferent to life, scarcely ever speaking, and seeming to move in a dream, while others wild children sat holding them close to them as if they dreaded a separation at any moment. There were a few who were different, who moved about and nursed the children and sick, and tried to comfort the others just as Mrs. Hunter did at Deenugghur. There was no crying and no lamenting. It would have been a relief if anyone had cried, it was the stillness that was so trying; when people talked to each other they did it in a whisper as they do in a room where someone is lying dead.

"You know Mary Hunter died yesterday, well, Mrs. Hunter quite put aside her own griefs and tried to cheer others. I told her the last message I received and asked her to go with me if it should be true, she said, 'No, Isobel, I think it is only a fancy, a dream, or a dream, or whether God has opened a way of escape for you, if so may He be thanked, but you must go alone, one might escape where two might not; as for me, I shall wait here for whatever fate He may send me. My husband and my children have gone before me. I may do some good among the poor wretches, and here I shall stay. You are young and full of life and have many happy days in store for you. My race is almost run, I have no wish for life I would not cumber you and your friends; there will be perils to encounter and fatigues to be undergone. Had not Mary left us I would have sent her with you but God did not will it so. Go therefore to the window, dear, as you were told by this message you think you have received, but do not be disappointed if no one comes. If it turns out true and there is a chance of escape, take it dear, and may God be with you.' As I stood at the window I could not go at once, as you told me, to the door, I had to stand there, I saw it all till you turned and ran to the door, and then I came to meet you."

"It was a pity you saw it," he said, gently.

"Why? Do you think that after what I have gone through I would be shocked at seeing you kill three of those wretches. Two months ago I suppose I should have thought it dreadful, but those two months have changed us altogether. Think of what we were then and what we are now. There remain only you, Mrs. Hunter, myself, and the voice said, 'Mr. Wilson too,' is that true?"

"Yes."

"Well, we four, and all the others gone, Uncle and Mary and Amy and the Doolans and the dear Doctor, all the children. Why if the door had been open, and I had had a weapon I would have rushed to help you kill. I shudder at myself sometimes."

After a pause she went on. "Then none of those in the other boat came to shore, Mr. Bathurst, except Mr. Wilson!"

"I say not, the other boat sank directly, Wilson told me it was sinking as he sprang over. You had better not talk any more, Miss Hannay, for you are out of breath now and will need all your strength."

"Yes, but tell me why you have taken me away, you said there was great danger?"

"Our troops are coming up," he said, "and I had reason to fear that when the rebels are defeated the mob may break open the prison."

"They surely could not murder women and children who have done them no harm."

"There is no saying what they might do, Miss Hannay, but that was the reason why I dared not leave you where you were. I will tell you more about it afterwards. Now, please take my arm, we must be miles away from here before morning. They will find out then that you have escaped, and will no doubt scour the country."

They had left the road and were passing through the fields. Isobel's strength failed rapidly, as soon as the excitement, that had at first kept her up, subsided. Rujub, several times, urged Bathurst to go faster, but the girl hung more and more heavily on his arm.

"I can't go any farther," she said, at last; "it is so long since I walked, and I suppose I have got weak. I have tried very hard, but I can scarcely drag my feet along. You had better leave me, you have done all you could to save me, and I thank you so much. Only, please, leave a pistol with me. I am not at all afraid of dying, but I will not fall into their hands again."

"We must carry her, Rujub," Bathurst said; "she has utterly exhausted herself, and it is no wonder. If we could make a sort of stretcher, it would be easy enough."

Rujub took the cloth from his shoulders, and laid on the ground by the side of Isobel, who had now sunk down and was lying helpless.

"Lift her on this, sahib, then we will take the four corners and carry her; it will be no weight."

Bathurst lifted Isobel, in spite of her feeble protest, and laid her on the cloth.

"I will take the two corners by her head," Bathurst said, "if you will each take one of the others."

"No, sahib, the weight is all at the head; you take one corner and I will take the other. Rabda can take the two corners at the feet. We can change about when we like."

Isobel had lost greatly in weight since the siege of Deenugghur began, and she was but a light burden for her three bearers, who started with her at a speed considerably greater than that at which she had walked.

"Which way are you taking us, Rujub?" Bathurst asked presently; "I have lost my bearings altogether."

"I am keeping near the river, sahib. I know the country well. We cannot follow the road, for there the Rajah's troops and the Sepoys and the Oude men are gathered to oppose your people. They will fight to morrow at Dong, as I told you, but the main body is not far from them, and if your people take Dong we can then join them if we like. This road keeps not far from river, and we are not likely to meet Sepoys here, as it is the other road the white troops are coming up."

After four hours' hard walking, Rujub said: "There is a large wood just ahead. We will go in there. We are far enough off Cawnpore to be safe from any parties they may send out to search. If your people take Dong to-morrow, they will have enough to think of in Cawnpore without troubling about an escaped prisoner. Besides," he added, "if the Rajah's orders are carried out at daybreak, they will not know that a prisoner has escaped; they will not take the trouble to count."

"I cannot believe it possible they will carry out such a butcher, Rujub."

"We shall see, sahib. I did not tell you all I know lest we should fail to carry off the lady, but I know the orders that have been given. Words have been sent round to the butchers of the town, and to-morrow morning, soon after daybreak, it will be done."

Bathurst gave an exclamation of horror, for until now he had hardly believed it was possible that even Nana Sahib could perpetrate so atrocious a massacre. Not another word was spoken until they entered the wood.

"Where is the river, Rujub?"

"A few hundred yards to the left, sahib; the road is half a mile to the right. We shall be quite safe here."

They made their way for some little distance into the wood, and then laid down their burden.

They had taken it to the spot where Rabda remained when the others went forward to wards to prison, a basket containing bread and three bottles of wine and this Rujub had carried since they started together. As soon as the hammock was lowered to the ground, Isobel moved and sat up.

"I am rested now. Oh, how good you have all been. I was just going to tell you that I could walk again, I am quite ready to go on now."

"We are going to halt here till to-morrow evening, Miss Hannay; we are now safe and quite beyond any risk of pursuit now. You must first eat and drink something, and then sleep as long as you can. Rabda has brought a native dress for you and dye for staining your skin, but there is no occasion for doing that till to-morrow; the river is only a short distance away, and in the morning you will be able to enjoy a wash."

The neck was knocked off a bottle. Rabda had brought in the basket a small silver cup, and Isobel, after drinking some wine and eating a few mouthfuls of food, lay down by her and was soon fast asleep. Bathurst ate a much more hearty meal. Rujub and his daughter said that they did not want anything before morning.

The sun was high before Bathurst woke. Rujub had lighted a fire and was boiling some rice in a lota.

"Where is Miss Hannay?" Bathurst asked, as he sat up.

"She has gone down to the river with Rabda. The trees hang down well over the water, and they can wash without fear of being seen on the opposite shore. I was going to wake you when the lady got up, but she made signs that you were to be allowed to sleep on."

In half an hour the two girls returned. Isobel was attired in a native dress and her face, neck, arms, feet and ankles had been stained to the same color as Rabda's. She came forward a little timidly for she felt strange and uncomfortable in her scanty skirts and here I shall stay. You are young and full of life and have many happy days in store for you. My race is almost run, I have no wish for life I would not cumber you and your friends; there will be perils to encounter and fatigues to be undergone. Had not Mary left us I would have sent her with you but God did not will it so. Go therefore to the window, dear, as you were told by this message you think you have received, but do not be disappointed if no one comes. If it turns out true and there is a chance of escape, take it dear, and may God be with you.' As I stood at the window I could not go at once, as you told me, to the door, I had to stand there, I saw it all till you turned and ran to the door, and then I came to meet you."

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In half an hour the two girls returned. Isobel was attired in a native dress and her face, neck, arms, feet and ankles had been stained to the same color as Rabda's. She came forward a little timidly for she felt strange and uncomfortable in her scanty skirts

"I should not have burnt yourself, Miss Hannay, surely you can not have followed the instructions I gave you."

"No; it is not your fault at all, Mr. Bathurst, but I was a great deal more in the sun, but I was so anxious to disfigure myself that I was determined to do it thoroughly: but it is nothing to what it was. As you see my lips are getting all right again, and the scars will be a good deal better than they were, I suppose they will leave scars, but they won't trouble me."

"Yet I suppose you would be sorry that I am thinking of," he replied. "As to the scars, I hope they will wear out in time, but you must have suffered horribly."

"They burnt dreadfully for a time," the girl answered, "but for the last two or three days I hardly felt it, though, of course, it is very sore now."

"Do you feel ready for breakfast, Miss Hannay?"

"Quite ready, and for a walk as long as you like afterwards. I feel quite another creature after my dip; that was one of the worst things in the prison, we had scarcely water enough to drink, and none to wash with, and, of course, no combs nor anything."

They sat down together and ate the cold food they had brought, while Rabda and her father made their breakfast of rice.

"What has become of Mr. Wilson?" Isobel asked suddenly. "I wondered about him as I was being carried along last night, but I was too tired to talk afterwards. I hope he is safe at Allahabad by this time, or rather with the troops who are marching up."

"The Zemindar's son, who came down with us as an escort, and one of his men got safely to Dong also, and they went on with Wilson. When he found I was going to stay at Cawnpore to try and rescue you, he pleaded very hard that I would keep him with me, for fear that he might share in the attempt, but his ignorance of the language might have been fatal, and his being with me would have greatly added to the difficulty, so I was obliged to refuse him. It was only because I told him that instead of adding to he would lessen your chances of escape, that he consented. I am sure he would willingly have laid down his life to save yours."

"I am very glad he is safe, he is very kind-hearted and nice, Mr. Bathurst, and a thoroughly natural, unaffected young fellow, very loyal and staunch. I am quite sure he would have risked anything he could risk at the risk of his life."

"I like him very much too, Miss Hannay. Before the siege I thought him a careless, happy-go-lucky lad, but as I got to know him well I found he was much more than that, and he will make a good man and an excellent officer one of these days if he is spared. He is thoroughly brave without the slightest brag, an excellent specimen of the best class of public schoolboy."

"And who are the troops coming up, Mr. Bathurst, how strong are they? I have heard nothing about them."

"About twelve hundred white troops and four or five hundred Sikhs, at least that is what the natives put them at."

"But surely they will never be able to fight their way to Cawnpore, where there are the mutineers and Nana Sahib's troops and the Oude men and the people of the town. Why there must be ten to one against them?"

"Not far short of that, I think, but I feel sure our men will do it. They know of the treachery of the Nana; they know of the massacre by the river, and they know that the women and children are prisoners in his hands, and do you think that men that know these things can be beaten? The Sepoys met them in superior force and in a strong position at Futtehpore, and they drove them before them like chaff. They will have harder work next time, but I have no shadow of fear of the result."

Then their talk went back to Deenugghur and of their friends there; the Doolans, the Hunters, the Rinbouls and others, and Isobel wept freely over their fate.

"Next to my uncle I shall miss the doctor," she said.

"He was an awfully good fellow," said Bathurst, "and I lost a really real friend I have had since I came to India. I would have done anything for the doctor."

"When shall we start?" Isobel asked presently.

"Directly the sun goes down a little. You would find it terribly hot now. I have been talking it over with Rujub, and he says it is better not to make a long journey to-day. We are not more than twenty miles from Dong, and it would not do to move in that direction until we know how things have gone; therefore, if we start at three o'clock and walk till seven or eight, it will be quite far enough."

"He seems a wonderful man," said Isobel. "You remember that talk we had at dinner, before we went to see him at the Hunters."

"Yes," he said. "As you know, I was a believer then, and so was the doctor. I need not say that I believe still more now than these men do without uncomfortable feats. He put the sentry outside the walls of your prison, and five out of your eight warders so sound asleep that they did not wake during the struggle! I had asked the other to put the curse upon meriam. His messages to you were actually sent by means of his daughter. She was put in a state of trance, in which she saw you and told us what you were doing, and communicated the message her father gave her to you. He could not send you a message nor tell me about you when you were first at Bithoor, because he said Rabda was not in sympathy with you, but after she had seen you and touched you, and you had kissed her, she was able to do so. There does not appear to me to be anything beyond the powers of nature in that, though I confess I do not know where called into play of which at present we know nothing. But we do know that minds acts upon each other. Possibly certain persons in sympathy with each other may be able to act upon each other from a distance, especially when thrown into the sort of trance which is known as the clairvoyant state. I do not pretend to look upon this as humbug, but I need hardly say I shall in future be ready to believe almost anything. We are ignorant of each other and even great powers than what we have seen. At any rate, he can have no motive to deceive me when he had asked his life to help me. Do you know Rabda offered to go into the prison—her father could have got her an order to pass in—and then to let you go out in her dress while she remained in your stead. I could not accept the sacrifice even to save you, and I was sure had I done so you yourself would have refused to leave."

"Of course. But how good of her. Please tell her that you have told me, and how grateful I am for her offer."

Bathurst called Rabda, who was sitting a short distance away.

She took the hand that Isobel held out to her and placed it against her forehead.

"My life is yours, sahib," she said, simply, to Bathurst. "It was right that I should give it for this lady you love."

"What does she say?" Isobel said.

"She says that she owed me her life for that tiger business, you know, and was ready to give it for you because I had set my mind on saving you."

"Is that what she really said, Mr. Bathurst?" Isobel asked quickly, for she had hesitated a little in changing its wording.

"That was the sense of it, I can assure you. Not only was she ready to make the sacrifice, but her father consented to her doing so. These Hindoos are capable of gratitude, you see. There are not many English who would be ready to give their lives for a man who had accidentally, as I may say, saved their lives."

"Not accidentally, Mr. Bathurst. Why do you always try to run yourself down? I suppose you will say next you saved my life by an accident."

"The saving of your life is due chiefly to these natives."

"But they were but your instruments, Mr. Bathurst, they had no interest in saving me. You had bought their services at the risk of your life, and in saving me they were paying their debt to you."

At three o'clock they prepared for the start. Bathurst had exchanged the warder's dress for one of a peasant, which they had brought with them. The wood was of no great width, and Rujub said they had better follow the road now.

"No one will suspect us of being anything but what we seem," he said. "Should we meet any peasants their talk will be with you and your wife. They will not trouble about the women; but if there is a woman among them, and she speaks, Rabda will answer her."

For hours they had heard dull sounds in the air, which Bathurst had recognized at once as distant artillery, showing that the fight was going on near Dong.

"The Sepoys are making a stout resistance, or the firing would not last so long," he said to Rujub, as they walked through the woods towards Dong.

"They have two positions to defend, sahib. The Nana's men will fight first at a strong village two miles beyond Dong; if they are beaten there they will fight again at the bridge I told you of."

"That would prartly account for it, but the Sepoys must be fighting much better than they did at Futtehpore, for there as you said, they swept the Sepoys before them."

When they reached the edge of the wood, Bathurst said, "I will see that the road is clear before we go out. If anyone saw us issuing out of the wood they might wonder what we had been after."

He went to the edge of the bushes and looked down the long straight road. There was only a solitary figure in sight. It seemed to be an old man walking lame with a stick. Bathurst was about to turn and tell the others to come out, when he saw the man stop suddenly, turn round to look back along the road, stand with his head bent as if listening, then run across the road with much more agility than he had before seemed to possess, and plunge in among the trees.

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"Wait," he said to those behind him, "something is going on. A peasant I saw in the road has suddenly dived into the wood as if he was afraid of being pursued. "Ah!" he exclaimed a minute later, "there is a party of horsemen

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Music.

MR. TORRINGTON tells us that he has his guarantee fund for the new orchestral concerts well under way and with every prospect of even more liberal support than he at first expected. This is encouraging, and we all join in wishing the undertaking success. We cannot have too much music of this class in Toronto. In the meantime Mr. Torrington and his good lady have gone off for a well earned holiday to Peak's Island, Portland Harbor.

•

At the same time I hear well authenticated rumors that we shall have a gala season of grand orchestral concerts here during the coming winter. What think you of such a series as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, the New York Symphony Orchestra and the Seidl Orchestra! Pretty good, eh! One enterprising firm in the city is, I believe, endeavoring to place all these bodies on its list for the year, as well as other good vocal and instrumental attractions. This will be rare good news, and I hope to see the proposal fully carried out.

•

I am glad to see that Mr. B. L. Faeder has returned to Toronto after a year's ripening study in Germany. Mr. Faeder is a good musician of the painstaking kind that we can ill spare. He will resume his old position at the Academy of Music.

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Another valuable addition to the musical forces of the city is Mrs. Helene Webster, a cultured English lady, who is an instructress in the mandolin, having studied in France, Germany and Italy. Mrs. Webster will remain in Toronto and may be consulted at 428 Church street.

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Our good friend, Mr. Frank Kirchmer, opens his pretty little house on Monday, August 29, with the Germania Opera Company. I am glad to see that music is not neglected at the Academy, as we shall have five opera companies at that house during the season.

•

Among the changes taking place in musical circles in the city I note that Mr. Harry English, who for nearly eight years has been musical director and choirmaster of the Young Men's Christian Association, will vacate that position on September 1. Mr. English, who will also be remembered as the very energetic treasurer of the Haslam Vocal Society, has been a power in the musical work of the Y. M. C. A. and his leaving will be a great loss to the Association. I understand he is to be succeeded by Mr. K. W. Barton who has been leader of the orchestra there for past six months.

•

The unprecedented success of the German opera season in London has set musical people of the metropolis moralizing. If I may judge by the tone of my English exchanges just to hand. That the ensemble of the Hamburg company—by no means the best of its kind in Germany—should have so completely eclipsed the Italian and French season with all its wealth of soloists and stars, has been a source of general gratification to all advanced lovers of our art. It is especially gratifying to notice that the London *Musical Times*, which in a recent issue before the opening of the season made a rather contemptuous passing reference to the German season as exhibitions on a few off nights, etc., should now frankly admit the wide-spread influence for good of the experiment just ended. The *Times* in its editorial comment acknowledges that, notwithstanding the "imposing array of talent mustered under the banner of the Italian, or rather the French legion of Sir Augustus Harris' operatic *corps d'armee*, the German wing more than than held its own. The *Times* gives as its opinion that the secret of the success of the undertaking lies in the "superior musicianship, sincerity and capacity for co-operation displayed by the German company." And it must be remembered that all this good comes from a seaport town which, as a musical center, ranks fifth or sixth in Germany!

•

The Musical Times, in commenting upon the rapid spread of orchestral music in England, mentions as evidence a recent performance in Gloucester Cathedral, wherein forty performers presented themselves to accompany an oratorio. It now transpires that thirty-seven of this aggregation played upon stringed instruments; the instance mentioned can therefore hardly be taken as a healthy example. The City of Hamilton, Ont., could make a much better muster and say nothing about it, (stay, Hamilton might, after all, be inclined to talk a little of its achievement) although Hamilton is hardly as populous as the English city named. A modern orchestra cannot be made effective without its proper complement of wind players, and this fact should be considered in the encouragement of amateur enterprises in Toronto. Inducements should be offered to our talented youth to study some instruments besides the violin if we wish well-balanced results. To designate such a gathering as that instanced by the *Times* an orchestra is unique to say the least.

•

Our clever young townswoman, Miss Evelyn Severs, has joined the Tar and Tartar company, having concluded to adopt the operatic stage as her profession. We all wish her success and prosperity.

•

There will be a boom in organ playing this season. Camille Saint-Saens, Alexandre Guilmant and W. T. Best will be in America and will play in public. These are great names and will be great attractions. I hope that they may be brought to Toronto, in fact I have heard it rumored that they will play here. They are among the foremost in the world, and give a wonderful impetus to the study of the organ.

•

The fearless Mr. Abbey is out with his prospectus for another season of grand opera. The old favorites have been re-engaged and a strong *ensemble* is promised. The conductor is changed, Signor Bevignani having accepted the post held by Signor Vianesi, while certain operas will be conducted by Mr. Anton Seidl.

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Miss Emma Juch, weary of the succession of disasters that has attended her operatic ventures, has concluded to go to England for three years to sing in concerts and oratorio. Miss Juch is sure to succeed in this field, for she has the earnestness and honesty of style and work that will always win success. Her voice and method and magnetism equip her for a trial of strength with the world's greatest, without the need of fear or trepidation.

•

The band of the 13th Battalion has narrowly escaped arrest in Chicago, under the "contract labor law." Steps were taken to secure warrants for the arrest of its members, but the law's delay fortunately allowed the band to proceed to Denver with the Hamilton and Ottawa Knights Templars. These annual efforts to keep our Hamilton friends out of the United States are illustrative of the liberality of spirit felt by our cousins across the lake. By the way, Chicago is, I believe, the home of the American hog.

•

Nevertheless, the Chicago people must claim praise for the great attention to be paid to music of the higher class during the coming World's Fair. They have appropriated one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars for an orchestra of one hundred and twenty musicians under Theodore Thomas which will form the nucleus for a series of grand choral concerts as well as orchestral performances. The idea is "(1) to make a complete showing to the world of musical progress in the United States, in all grades and departments from the lowest to the highest; and (2) to bring before the people of the United States a full illustration of music in its highest forms as exemplified by the most enlightened nations in the world." In the Exposition grounds there will be three halls: A Recital Hall seating five hundred people; a Music Hall with accommodation for one hundred and twenty players, three hundred singers and an audience of two thousand; and a Festival Hall for performances by two hundred players, two thousand singers, with a seating capacity of seven thousand. European composers will be present and choral societies are expected from all the large centers.

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There will be semi-weekly high-grade orchestral concerts in Music Hall; semi-monthly high-grade choral concerts in Music Hall; six series of international concerts, choral and orchestral, each consisting of from four to six in Festival Hall and Music Hall; three series of three concerts each of oratorio festivals by united American choral societies in Festival Hall; concerts in Festival Hall under the auspices of German singing societies; concerts in Festival Hall under the auspices of Swedish singing societies; six series of popular miscellaneous festival concerts by American singers; twelve children concerts by Sunday school, public school, and specially organized children's choruses; chamber music concerts and organ recitals; and daily popular orchestral concerts. This will show that our art is by no means neglected in the scheme of the fair, and makes one wish to be in Chicago during the whole show.

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Mr. H. W. Webster has been engaged by Mr. Torrington to go on the staff of the College of Music in the vocal department.

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Miss Kate Strong, well and favorably known throughout Ontario as a soprano singer, has come to Toronto to study with Mr. E. W. Schuch.

METRONOME.

The English Pugilist.

O, it's bully when I land 'em with a counter on the jaw,
When the ruby's all a drippin' and the conks are red and raw;
And it's bully when I've downed 'em, and the swells are standin' boose,
Them swells with shiny shirt fronts and patent leather shoes.

But you'd best look jilly mesk
When you're up afore the beak,
For they hustle you, and hustle you, and treat you like a dog.

And it's Ollaway for you
For a month or maybe two,
Where the Queen she keeps a mansion and purvides you with your prog.

It was 'ero 'ere and 'ero there, I might 'ave been a king,
For to 'ear 'em 'ip 'urraying as I stepped into the ring;
When I faced the Tipton Slasher, me and 'im in four-ounce gloves,
Just to make us look as'amless as a pair of bloomin' doves,

Then I bruised 'im and battered,
And 'e cursed me 'ole 'ligo to tatters,
And I gives 'im 'alf a dozen where 'is peepers ought to be;
And 'e flattens out my nose
With a brace of belly blows,
Which I 'ardly 'ad expected from a pug as couldn't see.

Next round the Slasher's groggy: 'e 'angs 'is 'ands and grupes
(I'd knocked him out 'is legs at last), a feelin' for the ropes.
And, lor' 'e looked so cheerful with 'is face a mask of red,
That I bust myself a laughin' when I smashed 'im on the 'ead.

Then they counted up to ten,
But 'e couldn't rise again;
'E zasped a bit, and puffed a bit, and laid there in a 'asp.
And I copped a thousand pounds
For a fight of seven rounds,
Which was all the time it took me to put my man to sleep.

—*Kipling in London Punch.*

Educated Fleas.

FIFTEEN years ago there was current a pleasant anecdote to the effect that a certain Professor of Fleas, such as recently entertained Toronto, gave, by command, a performance before Royalty. In the course of the proceedings, one of the "interesting little creatures," as the advertisements put it, escaped. The professor declared it to be one of the most valuable of his troupe, both on account of its intelligence and its advanced state of cultivation. He furthermore avouched that it had undoubtedly fled in the direction of a certain princess present, and made such lament over his loss that after some royal intercession, and equally royal hesitation, the princess consented to retire to another apartment and permit the fugitive to be sought for by a lady attendant. Presently they returned the latter bearing captive twixt thumb and finger the recovered athlete. The professor, overjoyed, hastened to replace it in position, but a hitch occurred. Puzzled, perplexed, troubled with deprecating gestures, finally he explained, "I am very sorry, but this is not my flea."

Like many another good old tradition, however, the story is based on a misapprehension. Unquestionably the performing fleas have attracted a large amount of public interest. People flock to see teams of diminutive fleas hauling coaches, while superior grade Jehu-fleas whip them into activity. Galley-slave fleas toil under the weight of massive chains. Military fleas are associated in terrific engagements. Pugilistic fleas stand up on their rears and encounter each other in fierce and ungloved combat. Muscular fleas of every variety perform prodigies under the most adverse conditions of servitude. And all the while the crowd looks on and amazes itself at such intelligence, and the professor, who must be a philosopher, takes great consolation from the wrong-headedness of human nature. For though the public is defrauded, it defrauds itself, and we believe the professor furnishes a genuine exhibition worth all the charges of admission. Those who have studied entomology, even in a limited and cursory manner must have been struck by the energy displayed by the flea when his foot, so to speak, is on his native heath. Some are impressed by even more than the energy. He possesses a mercurial disposition. Procure an ordinary flea and invert him. Observe the indefatigable manner in which he brandishes his limbs. That is what the professor observed. And the professor, being a genius, determined to utilize this waste energy. Some were harnessing the horse power of Niagara. It occurred to him to harness the horse power at the other end of Nature's scale. And it is here that the true value of the flea exhibition becomes apparent. The dexterity, the ingenuity, the skill of manipulation, the finger-craft that bound these tiny limbs with tinier fetters, and belted those little bodies with inescapable yet harmless bonds, are the true marvels of the show. The flea in strength is a minature Samson. He can move many times his own weight. To him to a carriage and his native restlessness urges him to motion. The public thinks he is trained to draw his carriage. His fellow, fastened aloft with whip securely fastened to a leg, brandishes the one and necessarily the other in mute protest against all slavery, till the public fancies he has graduated in horsemanship.

Let us see one of those military fleas, even in chains, who will retreat in good order with his face to the foe, and we will become converts to the prevalent theory of exhibited flea-culture. Like Galileo's of the earth, our theory of the Professor's show is simply "the flea moves." And so the royal anecdote loses it point, for any flea will do. But it is curious to note in how many other departments of human credulity the people act as if they had the wrong thing. Their faculty of wonder is uneducated. They wonder at effects rather than causes. They are astonished at results rather than methods.

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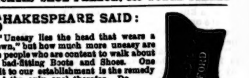

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

first by three clever little boys, the Campbell brothers; the second was a vocal duet by Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre of Toronto and Mrs. Travers of Berlin (Life's Dream is o'er). This song was given in perfect harmony and was fully appreciated. The ladies did not respond to the encore so heartily given. Mr. Edward Prouse gave a very comical reading in broken French which created great laughter, and which every person was delighted with. Mr. Smith of Ingersoll gave a fine song, The Vagabond. The gem of the evening was an exquisite little ballad called Jennie, which was next sung by Mrs. T. J. MacIntyre; for an encore she gave The Fairies. Miss Langmuir of Toronto next sang in the sweetest manner My Heart My Queen, by Mrs. Blackstock, for which she had to give an encore; Mr. Duggan of Toronto gave a reading which was satisfactory to every one, only it was too short. A duet See the Pale Moon by Miss Maggie Thompson of Toronto and Mrs. MacIntyre was exceedingly well rendered. The solo The Maid of the Mill by Miss Thompson was a dear little song and sung well. Last but not least came our American friends Mr. Grimm and Mr. Fullerton from the camp with all their musical instruments of every description, from a mouth organ down to a coffee pot and every day common tin whistle. They amused the audience for fully half an hour with their selections, when a very successful concert came to a close by singing God Save the Queen. Mr. Walsh of Ingersoll had the programme in hand and acted as chairman. Accompaniments were played by Mrs. Travers, Mr. T. J. MacIntyre and Mr. Grimm.

•

Mrs. A. Coulter of 101 Bleeker street and Miss Bertie Gibson of 38 Maitland street are summering at the Interlaken, West Point.

•

Mr. Edward Fuller of the Bank of Toronto, St. Catharines, is enjoying his holidays with his parents at Rosedale.

•

Miss Veals and Miss Rahtjen are spending the summer at Cushing's Island, Maine.

•

Miss Reid of Pembroke street, who has been visiting Mrs. Frank Wilson at her summer residence, Oaklands Park, Muskoka, has returned home.

•

The Winnipeg *Mirror* says: Mrs. Russell of Fort Rouge gave a delightful reception in honor of Miss Hodgins of Toronto on Tuesday evening. Miss Hodgins made a very short stay in Winnipeg, having left yesterday for the east. In the fall she will accompany Dr. and Mrs. Kellogg of Toronto to India, where she will be married to Mr. Norman Russell, formerly of this city.

•

A most delightful outing was given to the visiting delegates of the Typothetæ last Wednesday by the Toronto Reception Committee. The days jaunt consisted of a sail across the lake to Niagara, a sumptuous dinner at the Queen's Royal, Niagara, at which over 400 guests were entertained, a visit of several hours to the Falls, and a dainty tea on the Chicora on the return trip. The guests were unanimous in their expressions of pleasure at this very kind and well arranged method of passing a charming day.

•

Mrs. Spelman of Providence, Rhode Island, and Miss Ethel Poole of Charlottetown, P.E.I., are visiting Mrs. Newsome of Richmond St.

•

The delegates of the United Typothetæ of America was given a reception in the Pavilion last Tuesday evening by the Toronto Employing Printers' Association. A large number of society people attended, and a very interesting and pleasant evening was spent. On the platform were: Prof. Goldwin Smith, the Mayor, Mr. Blackett-Robinson, Mr. Tait and several other prominent citizens. Among the visitors were: The Hon. J. Little, a leading American, Member of Congress for New York City, Messrs. Gilbert, Boughton, VanAllen, De Vinne and other well known leading publishers from the States. The Misses Gilbert, who are St. Louis citizens, won much admiration, and the lady friends of the delegates generally were both handsome and agreeable women. After a short interval of speechifying, the several delegates being greeted by appropriate airs from the Grenadier's band, refreshments were served in an elegant manner by Webb, the floor cleared of benches in a trice, and an hour's dancing indulged in. Some of the costumes were very handsome. Mrs. Britton looked well in a creamy gown, with tiny green posies and a corselet of green velvet bands; Mrs. Dan Rose wore a delicate grey gown and very becoming hat; Mrs. Arthur Croll looked charming in a dainty white muslin, and a very *chic* leghorn hat, trimmed with white flowers and lace bows. A handsome corn colored silk was much admired, and two very pretty women in black lace and jet were the cynosures of all eyes. The visitors were as stylishly gowned as New York, St. Louis and Chicago women always are, and everyone seemed in bright and merry humor. A great deal of fun was evoked by the dancing of the quadrille of honor by eight gentlemen, whose agility was the more remarkable in consideration of their age and avoirdupois. Their frolics would have given pointers to the merriest little maid from school who ever tripped the light fantastic toe, while their curtseys and bows were worthy of the immortal Turveydrop himself.

•

The meet of the Toronto Bicycle Club on last Saturday and Monday proved successful beyond all expectations. The weather was so lovely, and the new grounds so pleasant, the races so interesting, and the spectators so enthusiastic and numerous. Zimmerman was applauded and admired, and Wells of the Wanderers gladdened his fellow wheels by his success. Among the spectators I noticed Mr. Enoch Thompson and party, Mr. Cox and party, Mr. Gooderham and party, Mr. Wright and party, Mr. Stovel and party, Mr. Rose and party, Mr. Suckling and party, Mr. and Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith.

•

The marriage of Mr. Wm. McKeough of Chatham and Miss Mabel Stewart of Hamilton, sister of Mrs. Jarvis, is announced for the seventh of September.

•

Miss Tina Hughes, daughter of Mr. B. B. Hughes, has just returned from New York and Shelter Island, where she was the guest of Miss Gertie O'Day.

•

Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Hughes and family are staying for the summer at Lakeside cottage—annex to Mrs. Mead's Hotel.

•

Mr. Walter Thorpe and party have gone to Georgian Bay on a steam yacht for two weeks' trip.

•

Mr. George VanKoughnet is at Mrs. Mead's Hotel.

•

Miss Lillie Larkin of St. Catharines is visiting Mr. P. Hughes of Jarvis street and at Lakeside Cottage, Island Park. She is the guest of Miss Tina Hughes.

•

Mr. Rowan Kertland has returned from a two weeks' trip on the Bay of Quinte.

•

Mr. S. M. Walker of Montreal is visiting with his cousin, Mr. Rowan Kertland.

•

Mr. R. C. Kirkpatrick, of the Merchant's Bank of Canada, Prescott, has been spending his holidays in the city.

•

Mr. Fred Thompson has taken the cottage known as Winnipeg, West Island, for the season. Miss Phelan of Collingwood is visiting Mrs. Thompson.

•

Mr. Harry Armstrong, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Orangeville, is spending his vacation at Western Island.

•

Mr. Chas. N. Baird, of Christie, Brown & Co, is spending his holidays with friends at Paris.

•

The Locomotive Engineers of Canada have been in convention assembled for the past few days. A ball was given in the Pavilion on Thursday night in honor of the occasion.

•

Mr. Arthur Croll has followed Horace Greeley's advice and moved west. He is now in improved quarters at Nos. 12 and 14 Adelaide street west.

•

The hop at Center Island this evening promises to be the most successful of the season.

•

The marriage of Mr. Fred Worts and Miss Elizabeth Beatrice Beatty of 147 Sherbourne street, took place on Wednesday last. Rev. Canon Sanson performed the ceremony, and the bride, who wore a very pretty traveling dress of mottled tweed and dome blue silk, was attended by her sister, Miss Mary Beatty. Mr. C. Meade was best man. The wedding was private, only a few friends and relatives being present. The house was charmingly decorated with choice flowers, and a *recherche* breakfast was partaken of by the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Dockray, Miss Dockray, Mrs. L. D. Beatty, Mr. Albert Beatty, Messrs. Joseph and Charles Mead, Mr. William Beatty and Mr. Joseph Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Worts have gone to New York *en route* for Europe, where they intend making an extended tour.

•

Mr. Henry Ades Fowler has just returned from Niagara Falls, where he has been attending the annual conventions of the Canadian and America Philatelic Associations.

•

A sad and affecting scene was that which took place last Wednesday in St. Stephen's Church, at the funeral of the late Harry Brought, who was drowned in Lake Ontario just one month ago. Rev. Mr. Williams and Rev. Mr. Pearson, accompanied by the surpliced choir, met the funeral cortege at the door and preceding it to the chancel. Quantities of lovely flowers were heaped upon the casket, which was carried by the four brothers of the deceased. The father and mother of the much lamented young man are now on their way home from England, where Mrs. Brought all was visiting at the time of her son's death.

•

Mrs. Carveth is summering at Long Branch.

•

A suggestion comes from one high in authority that sundry signs of "keep off the grass" should be distributed along the track at Rosedale, before the next bicycle tournament takes place.

•

A rumor has reached me of a matrimonial engagement which will unite two clever young literary folk, well known in intellectual circles in our city.

•

A very delightful visitor at the united Typothetea convention is the Hon. J. J. Little, one New York's representatives in Congress. Added to an exceedingly handsome presence, Mr. Little has excellent social and conversational powers, and made many conquests during his visit to Toronto.

•

Several enjoyable boating parties have been given by smart people lately. The calm starlit evenings are especially enjoyable after the hot August days.

•

The fourth Social Saturday Hop at Hotel Louise, Lorne Park, last Saturday was a grand success. The yacht Wona and Mitchell's tally-ho conveyed parties from the city. Among the guests were the following ladies and gentlemen: Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Rowland, Mrs. T. McIlway, Mrs. Woods, the Misses Jessie Barnes, Strong, Smith, Firstbrook, Kelly, McClelland, McLean, Carlisle, Claxton, Lever, A. Watt, and Messrs. J. Y. Reid jr., T. C. and Harry L. Barnes, T. Blake, John Shouldice, G. H. Parkes, Fred. Rowland, C. Gray, A. Adams, C. R. Robinson, H. C. Coates, T. S. Lough, P. M. Beasley, D. Mackinnon, M. J. DuBois, G. E. Carlisle, S. E. Cunningham, J. E. Firth, Burkart and P. Campbell.

•

Camp Marguerita, at the Narrows, near Gravenhurst, has recently disbanded after a delightful season, which included a thorough tour of the Muskoka lakes. Among the happy campers were: Miss Tina Beattie, Miss Ida Dass, Mr. Jim Craig and Miss Nellie Craig of Ferrax; Mr. William Seymour of the Standard Bank, Miss Ada Grindlay, Mr. Harry York of Toronto; Mr. Dick Fairman of Woodville, Mr. Tom York and Charlie Brown of Peterboro, Mr. George Clark, Miss Minnie Clark, Mr. Will Culrose, Miss Mary Culrose and Mr. Tom Schreiber of Allendale, Mrs. Beemer and Miss Lou Beemer of Buffalo, Miss Ada Heath of Huntsville, and Mr. Jim Watson and Will Murray of Kincardine.

Son and Statesman.

Gambetta's parents were exceedingly simple country people. His father was a tradesman of Cahors, in Southern France. After Gambetta became a famous man in France, his father and mother went to live at Nice, where they were faithfully cared for by an old servant, and where they were often visited by their illustrious son.

Toward the end of his career, and when he was at the height of his power, being, in fact, though not in title, the head of the Republic, Gambetta's mother was seized with a sudden desire to go to Paris. Said she:

"I must see Leon."

Her husband protested, and the old woman servant, Mittie, threw up her arms in horror at the notion.

"To Paris, madame, at this time of the year!" It was winter. "There's no sense in it."

There was no sense in it, but Madame Gambetta was determined to go. She went to the train with more of vigor than she had shown for years, and travelled straight to Paris. There she went to the house of her daughter, and arrived quite prostrated. Within twenty-four hours she fell upon her bed, stricken with a mortal stroke.

At this moment great events were pending in the French Parliament, and questions involving the standing of France among the nations were at stake. Gambetta could not leave his place in the Chamber, but the day's session done, he rushed with desperate haste to the little iron bedstead upon which his mother lay. There he remained watching, waiting, the greater part of each night, and all the time his old mother regarded him with loving eyes, though she could not speak.

On the third day of her sickness Gambetta made a great and famous address in the Chamber of Deputies. His ringing voice, his flashing eye and his magnificent spirit and vigor gave no sign of the anguish and strain he had been under and was still enduring. It was the greatest speech, people said, that he had ever made. All Europe was listening. When it was over, Gambetta descended in haste from the Tribune. A dear friend, just from his sister's house, stood near with pale face.

"Well, well!" asked Gambetta breathlessly.

"Well, you must have courage," the friend stammered, grasping him by the hand.

They passed into a side room. Dead! The great man burst into desperate and piteous weeping. He sobbed like a child, and the voice which had a moment before rung through the Chamber, could only speak in faint, weak tones, one word.—

"Mother, mother!"

The friend, seizing him by the arm, led him out into the street, where the newsboys were already crying aloud:

"Great speech of Gambetta! Gambetta's great speech!"

Women on Trusts.

Jonathan Granger—Do you approve of trusts, Susan?

Susan Rosemary—I just hate trusts, Jonathan. When papa died he left everything in trust to us nine girls; we only got the income. He left us an eighteen-quart cow. Now, I get only two quarts of milk a day for my share, and the trustees won't even let me milk the cow myself.

At Long Branch.

Maude—Don't you like to sit on the shore and watch the breakers?

ESTELLE—Oh, yes! but I'd rather look through the billiard room window and watch the brokers.

LABATT'S LONDON ALE AND STOUT

For Dietetic and Medicinal Use, the most wholesome tonics and beverages available.

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Mrs. Mary Rolls, Lady Principal.

The most numerously attended Presbyterian Ladies' College in Ontario, with a Faculty of 20 members, chiefly specialists.

RE OPENS SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

Applicants for admission or for Calendars will address REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D., Governor.

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE
(Founded 1829)
This College will re-open on
Tuesday, September 13
At 10 o'clock, for the enrolment of new pupils.

Staff of sixteen Masters. Classical, Science or Modern, Commercial, Musical and Art Departments fully equipped. Also facilities for thorough instruction in Physical Culture; Gymnasium, Cricket Fields. Large covered rink and quarter of a mile track in course of construction.

For prospectus apply to
THE PRINCIPAL,
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Deer Park, Toronto, Ont.

July 22, 1892.

SOCIAL HOP
HOTEL LOUISE, LORNE PARK
(Full Orchestra. F. T. Jennings, Leader.)
$2.50 Saturday to Monday

ROYAL CROWN TABLE WATER
Godes-berger
BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Fun, London, Eng., August 3, 1892.

According to *Truth*, a lady whose drinks have been confined to lemon squashes and Godes-berger has been able to preserve a twenty two inch waist. We do not wish to say anything against Godes-berger, for it is unquestionably the purest and pleasantest table water imported and is the only one that holds the royal appointment to Her Majesty. To preserve a lady's waist, however, to twenty-two inches is rather stretching it; it would be unnatural, and Godes-berger is, according to all best authorities, a Natural Table water.

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Week Commencing Monday, August 22
Matinees Tuesday, Tuursday and Saturday
COMEDY, SENSATION, PATHOS
First engagement in Toronto of the well-known Character Actor
J. W. SUMMERS
Supported by America's Favorite Soubrette
GRACIE EMMETT
And a First-class Company of Players in His London Comedy Success
= JERRY =
A Comedy Drama Full of Intense Human Interest
Next attraction—THE MIDNIGHT ALARM.

To My Patrons and the Public Generally:

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WILL SELL
ROUND TRIP TICKETS FROM TORONTO
TO

KINGSTON	AND RETURN - -	$4
OTTAWA	- -	$5
MONTREAL	- -	$7
QUEBEC	- -	$9

Good Going August 26, 27, 28, 29
Returning Until September 19

Tickets may be purchased at Montreal to PORTLAND, Me., and Return for $6 (route through the White Mountains by daylight) and to ST. ANDREWS, N.B., and Return for $10.

Tickets are good going August 29 and 30, returning until September 9.

Grand Excursion to Italy

By the elegant and palatial steamer "WERRA," of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Company.

LEAVING NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1st

Arriving in Genoa October 12, returning by the sister steamer "EMS" of the same line,

LEAVING GENOA NOVEMBER 9th

allowing 28 days in Italy, October and November, two finest months in year, to visit Italy. The excursionists will arrive in time to see the great festivities that "Genoa, la Superba" celebrates in honor of her son, Christopher Columbus, in commemoration of the

400th Anniversary of the Discovery of America

And the Italo-American Exhibition which closes in December. Chevalier A. M. F. Gianelli, who will accompany the party, has made arrangements that will result in making this excursion through Italy the most complete which has ever been organized on this side of the Atlantic.

A limited number of cabins have been secured for this excursion and will be kept on reserve up to the 20th of this month. Return tickets will be valid on any steamers of the North German Lloyd, via Southampton.

Price of return ticket, including first-class cabin passage and railway fares, first-class hotels, guides, carriages, etc., etc., $450.

For full particulars and explanatory circulars, address GIANELLI & CO., 37 Yonge Street, or 16 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

FOR ROCHESTER
Ss. CARMONA

This large and commodious electric-lighted side wheel steamer will ply between Toronto and Charlotte this season, leaving Toronto every

Tuesday and Thursday at 9 p.m.
Saturday at 10 p.m.

Making direct connections with Rochester for New York and all points East.

Returning, leaving Charlotte every

Wednesday, Friday and Sunday at 8 p.m.

The boat has large state room accommodation, fine cabin and every convenience for first-class passengers.

Tickets and freight rates may be obtained at

W. A. GEDDES, 60 Yonge Street, or on Wharf.

P. R.—Steamer open for charter (day excursions) on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

Apply to— P. McINTYRE, 34 Yonge Street

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Daily for Port Dalhousie, St. Catharines and Grimsby Park. Leave Milloy's Wharf for Port Dalhousie and St. Catharines at 7 a.m., 2 p.m. and 7 p.m.; for Grimsby Park at 12 (noon) only. Wednesdays and Saturdays, 12 o'clock boat for Grimsby leaves at 2 p.m., and 7 p.m. boat for St. Catharines leaves at 6.30 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday excursions at 2 p.m. Return fare 50c. Saturday tickets good to return Monday.

Regular fare to Grimsby Park, 75c.; for those returning same day, 50c. Regular fare to St. Catharines, $1.25; for those going on the 2 p.m. boat and returning the same day, 75c.

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Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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69 King Street West, Room 7

Out of Town.

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE.

During the past week the following guests registered at the Queen's Royal Hotel: From Hamilton—Mrs. Kerr, Miss Minnie Painter, Mrs. Broadfield, Mr. Murray Kerr and Miss Duncan. Among the Torontonians were: Mr. R. J. Christie, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Morrow, Dr. J. H. Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Macrae, Miss Macrae, Mrs. G. E. Cox, Mr. H. C. Cox, Miss M. Morphy, Miss McClure, Mr. B. Cumberland, Mr. J. Walker, Mrs. and Miss McDermott, Messrs. W. A. and S. Thomas, Miss E. Morrison, Mrs. A. E. Ames, Mr. J. A. Craig, Mr. R. S. Smellie, Miss Bill, Miss Little White, Mr. J. Foy, Mr. E. A. Lennox, Mr. E. G. Lennox, Mr. W. Cumberland, Mr. W. Arnold, Miss J. Graham, Mr. W. Tuthill, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. J. W. Nichols, Mr. B. Hallett, Mr. M. Boyd, Mrs. Graham, Mr. H. Lugdin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Totten, Mr. F. J. Vivien, Mr. H. L. Hoyles, Mr. and Mrs. L. Ogden, Miss Leys, Mr. J. Dick, Mr. F. Sparling, Mr. D. Coulson, Mr. A. B. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gibson, Mr. Grant Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Aronsberg, Miss Fannie Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Brayley, Mr. W. A. Hart, Mr. J. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Manning, Mr. F. Carmichael, Mr. E. Willings, Mr. J. Scott, Miss Smith, Mr. D. Graham of Montreal, W. Hart of London, Eng., W. F. Graham of London, Ont., Mr. Horace McGuire and family of Rochester, Mr. George Foster of Jacksonville, Fla., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Thorp of New York, Mrs. H. D. Campbell, Miss Howell of Lexington, Va., Mr. and Mrs. A. MacKay of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Crampton, the Misses J. and Pauline Crampton of Buffalo, Mr. J. Webb and family of Pittsburg, Pa., Mr. J. Morrison of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Buck of Chicago, Mr. J. T. Speed of Detroit, Mr. C. W. Bullen of St. Louis, Miss E. S. Begg of Aberdeen, Scotland, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Ellwood of Rochester, Mr. P. Evans and Mr. R. G. Kennedy of Philadelphia, Mr. T. Vincent Tymms of Bawden College, England, Mr. J. N. Crampton of Chicago, Mr. Lyonial Spalding and Col. E. W. Rogers of Lockport, N.Y., Mr. B. Davis, Mr. Russell Colgate of Orange, N. J., Miss Maggie Inglis of Detroit, Miss Fannie Buck of Lockport, Mr. M. A. Bouneman of Milwaukee, Mr. A. Brown of New York, Mrs. Ulster of New York, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Witteay of Cleveland, Mr. Geo. R. Hoffecker of Wilmington, Del., Mrs. J. H. Costello of Pennsylvania, Mr. F. Bishop of Manchester, England, Miss Hattie E. Hurd of Syracuse, Mr. F. R. Paddock of Niagara Falls, N.Y., Miss M. L. Curties of Elmira, Mrs. R. L. Gordon of Cincinnatti, Mr. R. H. Carter of Chicago, Mrs. Duncan of Hamilton. Those who registered from Buffalo were: Mr. G. M. Stowe, Mr. H. L. Chisholm, Miss Belle Coit, Miss White, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, Mr. A. C. Spann, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hixby, Mrs. Curtiss, Mr. H. and Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bryant, Miss Marcia Bryant, Mr. M. Newell, Mrs. J. Waing, Miss Waing, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Dr. G. E. Mackay, Mrs. J. W. and Miss Putnam, Miss Hall, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Schumacher, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Culbertson, Mr. and Mrs. Irving, Mr. F. Cragin, Mr. Sherman, Mr. W. Wiplin, Mr. Burnett Smith, Mr. T. L. Pope, Mr. R. Hall, Mr. D. Mineham, Dr. W. H. Bergtold, Miss Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baker, Miss Adams, Mr. E. H. Rounds, Mr. George P. Raymond, Mr. G. W. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Grattley, Mr. F. F. Brown, Mrs. C. A. and Miss Eliza Hurd, Mr. J. Sweeney, Mr. J. F. Chard, Mr. Robert M. Harding, Mr. H. T. Keevan.

It was with much surprise that Mrs. D. B. Macdougall's large circle of friends heard of her rather sudden departure for Scotland last Thursday. During her absence, which it is rumored will be for many months, she will be greatly missed, both in society and the church, where she is such an active worker. An unusually large congregation at St. Mark's, of which Mrs Macdougall is a member, joined very heartily in the hymn last Sunday evening, which was sung for those in peril on the sea.

Chautauqua has been decidedly the gayest part of the town during the past week or ten days. Numerous little events, which if small were most enjoyable, have taken place at that most charming spot. Among others a five o'clock tea at Mrs. Howland's last Friday, and a cobweb party at Mrs. Evan's on Thursday evening, which the juveniles present delightedly and unanimously pronounced the jolliest given this season. It was most amusing to watch the eagerness with which the sunburnt and often incapable little fingers attacked the tangled threads leading everywhere and nowhere, and the patience with which some of the workers unwound the troublesome knots, so dishearteningly numerous, between themselves and the coveted prizes. The latter were very pretty, the prettiest, perhaps, being the booby prize—a hand-painted cup and saucer—which was triumphantly carried off by Miss Jarvis. Games and delicious refreshments followed the untangling of the cobweb, which most pleasantly occupied the greater part of the evening.

Miss Way, who is visiting friends at Chautauqua, was the guest last Sunday of Mrs. Ernest Macrae, at the Queen's Royal.

Miss B. Paffard has been visiting Miss Pattison of Toronto.

Miss Connie Jarvis left last week for Hamilton, where she has been visiting friends.

Nearly three hundred people were present at the usual Friday evening concert at the Amphitheater last week. A very good programme had been prepared, the performers being Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, Miss Halliday (who as 'cellist wins new admirers at each performance), Mr. Sturrock, Master G. Donogh, Mrs. J. Secord, and Miss Brimson, whose beautiful soprano voice more than delighted her audience. Encores were, as usual, the order of the evening, especially appreciated being the songs by Miss Brimson and Mr. Ramsay, who were repeatedly recalled.

The following are some of those who were present at the Hop at the Queen's Royal last Saturday: Miss Morrison, Miss Belle Coit, Miss Marcia Bryant, Messrs. E. and F. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Miss Colquhoun, Mrs. Paffard, Mr. F. and Miss M. Smith, Miss Bernard, Miss McCollum, Mrs. Morson, Mr. and the Misses Howe, Mr. Mee, Mrs. W. Lansing, Mrs. L. Lansing, Miss Baurath, Mr. Cleveland and Miss Daisy Lansing, Mrs. and Miss Geddes, Mr. and Miss Milloy, Miss Servos, Mrs. Winthop, Mrs. P. Beale, Messrs J. E. P. Russell, Miss Godson, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Miss Maude Yarker, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. J. Scott, Mr. F. Brown, Mr. L. Pemberton, Capt. Brooke, Miss Way, Miss E. Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Macrae, the Misses Winnett, Miss Bryan, Mr. E. Syer, Miss Aileen Doyle, Mr. J. Craig, Miss E. Macrae, Dr. Gibbons, Mr. F. Carmichael, Mrs. Totten, the Misses Heward, Mr. Dick, Miss Hill, Mr. Stowe, Miss White, Mr. R. Christie, Mrs. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. M. Newell, Mr. F. Pope, Miss Wilkie, Mr. E. Rounds, Mr. G. Raymond, Miss Hurd, Mr. R. Harding, Mr. Sherman, Mr. B. Smith, Mr. Nelles, Miss Curtiss, Miss Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Baker, Miss Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Bixby, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. Spann, Mrs. Ball.

Miss Bernard wore a very pretty white and blue delaine; Mrs. Totten's gown was of pink silk, with sash of the same shade; Mrs. Ernest Macrae, a charming young bride, wore ivory white silk; Mrs. C. Hunter a very handsome black lace; Miss Macrae, white silk and lace, trimmed very prettily with innumerable little bows of white ribbon; Miss McCollum wore a very handsome costume of pink silk, the bodice and skirt trimmed with white lace; Miss Coit's gown was one of the prettiest in the room, it was of pale heliotrope silk, which fell in graceful folds around her slender figure; Mrs. W. Lansing, whose classical features were very much admired, wore cashmere of a soft gray shade; Miss Edith Jarvis, white silk and steel gray velvet; Miss Doyle, white Swiss muslin; Miss Colquhoun, a light muslin of white and gray; Miss Burnett, white muslin; Miss Edith Heward, crimson polka-dot satcen, with yoke, deep ruffs to the elbow, and collar of Russian lace; Miss Heward, blue cashmere, with zouave of white lace; Mrs. L. Lansing, black net.

The hop on Monday evening—Thronto's civic holiday—was scarcely a success so far as numbers went. About fifteen or twenty were looking on, and not more than that number dancing, but so thoroughly did they seem to be enjoying themselves that only two dances were cut from the programme of fifteen. Among the dresses worn, Miss Davidson's was much remarked; it was of white satin, the *chiffon* edging the bodice being caught with a pretty diamond pin. Miss Edith Russell looked particularly pretty in light china silk. Another very pretty dress was worn by Miss Heward; it was of light green silk, relieved by vines of a darker shade, and handsomely trimmed with rich coffee lace.

Mrs. H. Willson of Brooklyn, N.Y., is the guest of her mother, Mrs. J. Chittenden.

Mrs. Ball and her little fair-haired girl are the guests of Mr. E. W. Syer. Miss Aileen Doyle was also at the Anchorage last Saturday and Sunday.

Chautauqua will greatly miss the Misses Lockhart during the next two weeks. They are visiting friends out of town.

Judge Morson was among those who paid the village a flying visit last Monday.

Miss Maude Yarker was the guest of Miss Hodgins last Sunday. GALATEA.

GODERICH.

Mrs. Smith and Miss Elliot of Barrie are the guests of Mrs. Tye, Elgin and Stanley streets.

Dr. Bull of Thorold has opened an office in Fear's Pharmacy Square.

Mrs. McGillivray and two children of Kingston will spend a few weeks in town. Mr. McGillivray is engineer of Government tug De Lisle, now in the harbor, and brother of Dr. T. Shannon McGillivray of Hamilton.

Government Engineer Cowie of Caledonia and Monsieur Gingras of Ottawa were called from Goderich to attend to Government work elsewhere for a month.

Mrs. Robert Gibbons, wife of the editor of the *Michigan Farmer*, has returned to her home. Mrs. Gibbons was the guest of Sheriff Gibbons while here.

Mrs. McKeown of Toronto is the guest of her brother, Mr. Joseph Kidd of the Goderich Salt Wells.

The Messrs. Chilton of Washington are visiting at their home, the U. S. consulate.

Mr. and Miss Radcliffe have returned from a trip to Banff.

Miss Jean Macara is visiting with Hon. Mrs. Blake at Murray Bay.

Mr. Stanton, photographer, has removed his studio to 11 King street west.

Old Chocolate's Jocoserious Chat.

A homely hahness kain't spile a good hoss.

A frien' in de mahkit ain't allus de same 'z a bahgin.

Ef yo' feel dat yo' kain't 'splain bettah keep yo' mouf shet.

Dar er bad spots in de bes' men, jes' 'z dar er weeds in de bes' gahdens.

Kindah hahd too re'lize dat lyin' er wicked w'en yo' see de people dat git along by lyin'.

De man yo' punish fo' stealin' yo' hens may men' his ways, but de fellah dat doan' git caught won't.

De ole fashion' theology er much mo' 'fective now days in de summah-time dan durin' a hahd wintah.

W'en de rich man gits toe goin' toe hebben on a special train an' totin' 'is money wid 'im den 'll be de time toe envy 'im.

Ef day wuz toe be anoddah flood an' anoddah Noah folks 'd laugh jis' 'z much at de ark 'z day did befo', an' dar 'd be jis' 'z many caught in de rain.

A Summer Play.

Playwright—Talk about realism! I've hit it now. You can re-open your theater next week.

Manager—Such weather as this? The theater is like an oven.

Playwright—That's all right. I've laid the scene in Africa.

A Man of Parts.

Western Man—That's Judge Boomshaker—he's got the greatest record of any man on the Nebraska bench.

Eastern Man—For learned and forcible decisions, I presume!

Western Man.—You bet!—he granted 111 divorces in 150 minutes, by the watch!

The Summer Flirt

The love, when he has her gauged,
Will find much to disparage;
She rather likes to be engaged,
But draws the line at marriage.

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(ESTABLISHED 1864)

49 King Street East, Toronto

We have now in stock a complete line of

Dinner, Tea, Breakfast and Dessert Sets

In Doulton, Crown, Derby, Royal, Worcester, Copeland, etc.

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This medicine is superior to any other for Summer Complaint, Diarrhoea, Cramps, and Pain in the Stomach and Bowels, and any other disorder of the bowels of infants occasioned by teething or other causes. Gives rest and quiet nights to mothers and nurses. Prepared only by
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The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

POST—August 12, Mrs. A. A. Post—a daughter.
RITCHIE—August 17, Mrs. George Ritchie—a son.
WILLIAMS—August 17, Mrs. R. O. Williams—a son.
HARRISON—August 10, Mrs. Isaac Harrison—a son.
HESS—August 11, Mrs. W. R. Hess—a daughter.
McGREGOR—August 11, Mrs. R. McGregor—a daughter.
McMICHAEL—August 16, Mrs. A. McMichael—a son.
RADEWAUSEY—August 10, Mrs. G. Radewausey—a son.
WEIR—August 13, Mrs. W. A. Weir—a daughter.
CLEGHORN—August 12, Mrs. T. A. Cleghorn—a daughter.
JOHNSTON—August 6, Mrs. Alex. Johnston—a daughter.
WEBBER—August 7, Mrs. B. C. Webber—a son.
GREENSIDE—August 10, Mrs. F. Greenside—a daughter.
DELAMERE—August 11, Mrs. T. D Delamere—a daughter
GIBSON—August 8, Mrs. D. J. Gibson—a daughter.
COTTER—August 12, Mrs. G. E. Cotter—a daughter.
MARK—August, Mrs. J. R. Mark—a son.
TIPPING—August, Mrs. A. J. Tipping—a son.
PRIMROSE—August 9, Mrs. A. Primrose—a daughter.
DALEY—August 7, Mrs. James Daley—a daughter.

Marriages.

LAWSON—ROSE—At Morrisburg, on the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, W. R. Lawson, B.C.L., of Chesterville, to Ada E., daughter of Mr. R. R. Rose.
McKIBBON—WRIGHT—Aug. 3, George McKibbon to Teresa Marguerite Wright.
HARGRAVE—KING—Aug. 10, Henry C. Hargreave to Guilamina King.
BRIGHT—GRAND—Aug. 10, Thomas George Bright to Alice Margaret Grand.
RODGER—SMITH—Aug. 11, Robert Rodger to Jeannie Smith.
WATSON—WIGLEY—Aug. 12, A. E. Watson to Emma G. Wigley.
MOGE—McBRIDE—Aug. 10, Harry McGee to Nellie McBride.
DuVERNET—MARLING—Aug. 10, Ernest E. A. DuVernet to Julia Sophia Elder Marling.
HISLOP—TURNER—Aug. 10, Thomas Hislop to Sarah Turner.
PATERSON—FRANCIS—Aug. 11, R. A. Paterson to Louie Francis.
BROWN—NIXON—Aug. 10, S. R. Brown to Elizabeth Letitia Nixon.
GIBSON—WATT—Aug. 10, George F. Gibson to Rosamond Watt.
ARMSTRONG—McLEOD—July 26—Philip Armstrong to Sarah McLeod.
SALE—ROSE—Aug. 15, Charles V. Sale to Mary M. Rose.
YOUNG—BELT—Aug. 16, John H. H Young to Berina Belt.
CAVEN—MIDDLEMISS—Aug. 17, W. P. Caven to Margaret Middlemiss.

Deaths.

GIFFORD—August 18, Nicholas Gifford, aged 63.
CUDDY—August 15, William Cuddy—aged 41.
NICKELS—August 16, Florence Nickels—aged 10 months.
BEAVER—August 4, Thos. Beaver.
BLAGE—August 16, George M. Blagg—aged 35.
KITCHEN—August, Lizzie J. Kitchen.
WHITFIELD—August 15, John Stuart Whitfield.
BLACKSTOCK—August 14, Eva Blackstock—aged 3.
MILNE—August 15, Mary Jane Milne—aged 68.
JONES—August 15, Robert Jones—aged 68.
BEARD—August 10, George T. Beard.
HOLWELL—August 15, Percy Holwell.
PEARSON—August 15, Victoria E. Pearson.
AUSTON—August 16, Annie Alice Auston—aged 15.
CAMERON—August 9, Catherine A. Cameron.
GIBSON—August 9, Elizabeth Gibson.
HOLMES—August, Laura I. W. Holmes—aged 67.
BROUGHALL—July 17, Henry Boyd Broughall.
BOYD—July 22, James Boyd—aged 17.
ELLIOTT—August 9, Rev. James Elliott—aged 76.
GREER—August 11, Alfred J. Greer—aged 23.

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Theory and Practice.

Mr. Baggie—Confound that tailor! These trousers are a mile too long.

Mrs. Baggie—How much shall I turn them up?

Mr. Baggie—About half an inch.

Down Long Island

First Tramp—Did you tackle de dude in a tennis suit?

Second Tramp (sadly)—Dat's no dude; dat's Sullivan trainin'. I wonder where de doctor is.

With Rod and Slipper.

"Johnny's mother has forbidden his going swimming, but he says he'll break the rule more than once."

"Then I predict a very warm summer—for Johnny."

Married Men Preferred.

Old Editor—Where is Scribbler?

Assistant—Gone off to get married.

Old Editor—Well, I'm glad of that. He won't kick so about staying here nights now.